

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 690.—VOL. XXVII.

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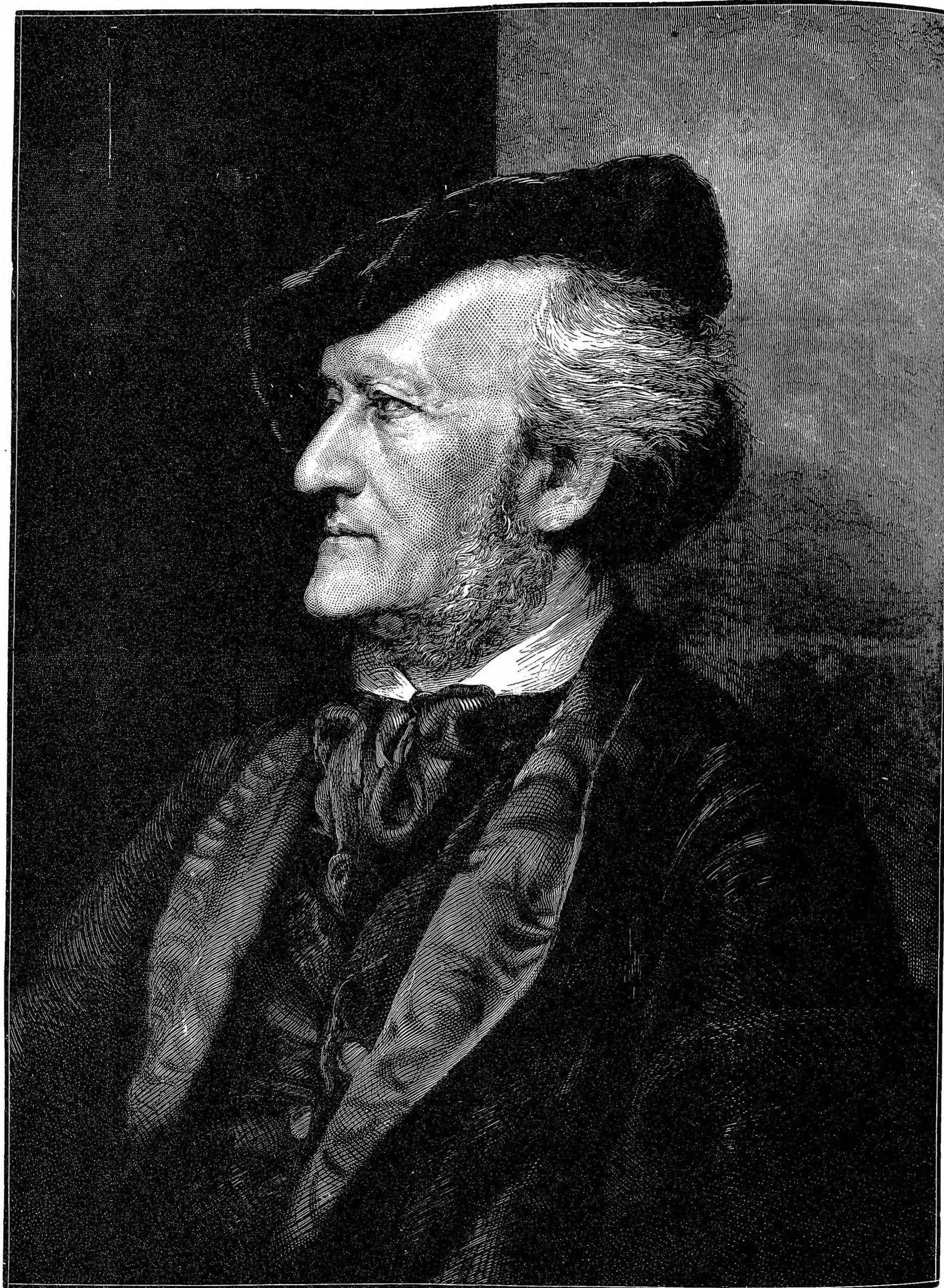
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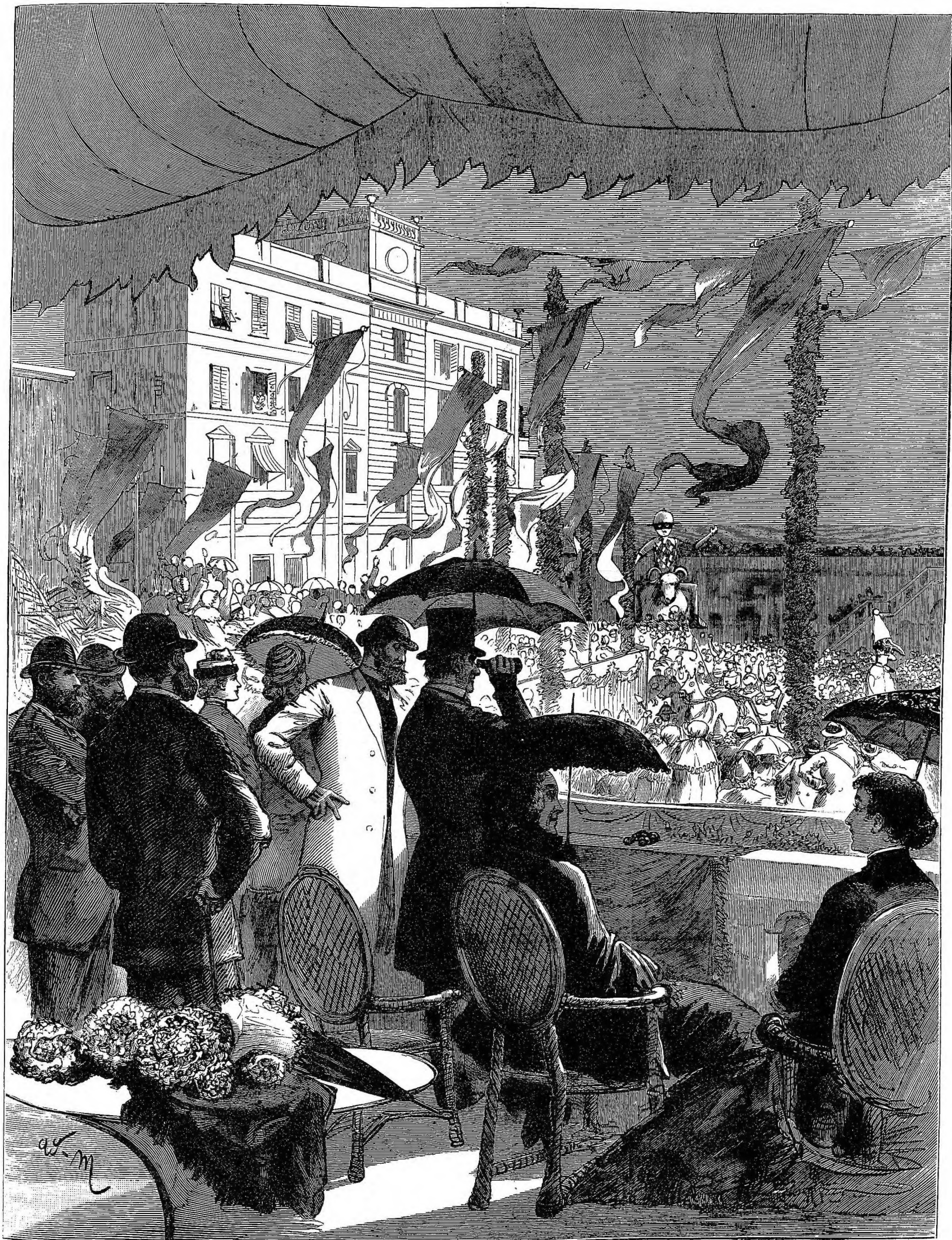
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE WITNESSING THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION AT NICE FROM THE BALCONY OF THE PREFECTURE

Topics of the Week

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—Year by year the Speech from the Throne becomes more and more of an open secret. Its delivery no longer excites eager expectation, because its substance is already known to all those who take an interest in politics. Not only are journalists furnished with a table of its contents some hours in advance, but Ministers themselves foreshadow their intended Parliamentary policy at least some days beforehand in their addresses to their constituents. All this is as it should be. An air of theatrical mystery may be advisable where, as in France under the Empire, one man arrogates to himself the supreme power; but in a free country, where legislation should be the result of a steady popular demand, surprises are out of place. It is needless, therefore, to remark that the surprises, if there were any in Thursday's Speech, were of a very mild character. Necessarily Egypt forms the main foreign topic. Concerning this region the Government repeat their former assurances, namely, that the English troops will not stay on the banks of the Nile a day longer than is absolutely needful. But as these needs include the maintenance of order, the establishment of an efficient system of self-government for the Egyptians, and satisfactory guarantees for international obligations, it may be taken for granted that Tommy Atkins will for some time to come be seen under the shadow of the Pyramids. That nothing is said about India, at a time when Lord Ripon is planning a career of revolutionary legislation, may perhaps indicate that his colleagues at home think he is moving rather too fast for safety. Concerning the restoration of King Cetewayo, it is difficult, as far as present information goes, to speak other-wise than doubtfully. A meagre foreign programme is a sign of tranquillity. Domestic affairs occupy the major portion of the Speech. The Grand Committees, established last autumn, will now be practically tested. That on Law will address itself to the codifying of the Criminal Law, and the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal; that on Trade will tackle Bankruptcy and Patents. Two measures of a more purely political cast are also to be pushed forward this Session, namely, the Corrupt Practices Bill and the Ballot Act Perpetuation Bill. Greater London is to be provided with a Municipality, but it does not appear that any attempt at present will be made to establish County Boards. The unlucky farming interest, harried by foreign competition and floods, is to be soothed by an Agricultural Improvements Bill, with what solid advantage will be better seen hereafter. Legislation is also promised as regards the Prevention of Floods and the Conservancy of Rivers, which, after such a winter as we have had, appear of greater urgency than ever. Turn we now to legislation intended specially for the several nationalities whereof the United Kingdom is composed. Scotland is promised Police and Universities Bills; Wales a measure dealing with Higher Education. And Ireland? Well, Ireland is told plainly that for several years past she has had the lion's share of legislation, she must now be contented to let other portions of the kingdom have their turn. The opinion of the Government concerning the condition of Ireland—or, more correctly, the opinion which they desire the public to accept—had been already practically given in Mr. Mundella's speech, of which we have spoken in another paragraph.

IRISH PROSPECTS.—When the subordinate members of a Ministry have to address the public on a troublesome subject, it is their rôle to take a sanguine cheery view, whatever they may really think. Mr. Mundella is a clever man, and it may be very much doubted if in his innermost heart he feels so hopeful about Ireland as he professed to be at Sheffield on Tuesday. In his speech, however, all was rosy-pink. Earl Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan were model administrators, crime was diminishing, the machinery of the Land Act was busily at work, and the Murder Leaguers were being rooted out. Mr. W. H. Smith, in his address at Ipswich, furnishes a "knock-me-down" to Mr. Mundella's "pick-me-up." The Land Act has produced war instead of peace between landlord and tenant, capitalists decline to invest in Irish land, and the reason why Mr. Smith advocates the establishment of a peasant proprietary is that the landlord's position has become intolerable, owing to the unnatural partnership forced upon him by the policy of the Government, and that therefore it would be better both for himself and his tenantry if the bond which now binds them together so uneasily were dissolved. Mr. Smith also energetically denounced Mr. Herbert Gladstone's crafty hints that Home Rule is by no means such an impossibility as Lord Hartington fancies. So much for the utterances of these two doctors of political medicine. Which of the two conflicting views are we to accept? Making all allowance for partisan exaggeration, we incline to think that Mr. Smith comes nearer to the truth than Mr. Mundella. Stern facts are certainly on the side of the former. Capitalists fight very shy of Irish investments, because they see no reasonable probability of improvement in the future. Then the revelations made in the Dublin Courts concerning the Phoenix Park and other murders disclose a startling amount of disloyalty among the mass of the people. Numbers of persons could have given information at the time, but they remained silent until the

vigorous policy of the Government put their own lives and liberties in danger. Lastly, let us take the case of Mr. O'Donnell. Personally, he may be insignificant, but he has lately achieved the honour of paralysing the sympathies of charitable Englishmen and Scotchmen towards his distressed fellow-countrymen. And the ominous part of it is that his coarse abuse of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation delights the constituents who send such men to Westminster. Hence the extended franchise which English Radicals desire for Ireland means undoubtedly an increase in the anti-British contingent with which the House of Commons is already so sorely plagued.

TROUBLES IN FRANCE.—The course of events in France during the last few weeks has been discouraging to those who have always tried to believe in the aptitude of the French for free institutions. It would hardly be possible for any set of public men to commit in so brief a period a greater number of blunders than have been committed in the treatment of the questions connected with the claims of Pretenders. And unfortunately there has been something worse than mere errors of judgment. There is no evidence that the politicians who have raised so furious an outcry against Princes have the slightest fear of the enemies of the Republic. They know that Prince Napoleon has not even the confidence of his own party, and that the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris have no means of arousing enthusiasm among the masses of the people. The agitation was got up simply to promote the interests of a party; yet it must have been obvious from the beginning that the whole country would be stirred by so exciting a controversy. Again, the affair has shown how hard it has become for moderate and sensible men in France to influence public opinion. The majority of the Senate thoroughly disapproved of the proposals of the Chamber; but they were forced to accept a "compromise," virtually abandoning all the principles for which they had contended. What France needs is a statesman of strong individuality who would not be afraid to attempt to guide the nation, even if he gave deadly offence to those who pose as its only leaders. It was hoped at one time that in M. Grévy the State had a man of this type in reserve; but M. Grévy still seems to think that the highest function of the President of the Republic is to do nothing.

ROWING AND SWIMMING.—The violent weather, which has blown no good to any one, has secured flooded waters for the Cambridge crew to row upon. The Cam, it is said, has exhibited a distinct "stream of tendency," as Mr. Matthew Arnold says, and has visibly stirred from the direction of its source towards the ocean. As a rule, if ever there were a river that justified the lines of "Satan" Montgomery, it is the Cam—"When souls aspiring seek their source to mount As streams meander level with their fount." The Cam meanders as level with its fount as any river in the world. The Ouse, however, can do more than the Cam in the matter of floods, and the Cambridge Eight was recently capsized in that flood. The same thing happened in the Boat-Race many years ago, and Mr. Trevelyan—now Irish Secretary—wrote how the Nymphs exclaimed—"Rude Boreas, to please us, Has sent to our arms Harry Chaytor of Jesus." Rude Boreas sent the Cambridge cox. to the arms of the Nymphs of Ouse, and with them he was very near staying for ever, like Hylas with the Naiads. More fortunate than poor Hylas, the Cambridge cox. found a Hercules to rescue him, in the person of one of the crew of the boat. But it was not without difficulty and danger that the cox. was brought ashore. He could not swim, it is said, and if this be true, we trust that he will either learn to swim before the race (which is not very probable), or that Cambridge will select a new cox. who can swim. The ordinary school rules which prevent boys who cannot swim from boating might well be enforced at the Universities. Almost every year some undergraduate who cannot swim gets capsized in a skiff or canoe, and is drowned. All the world would be shocked if such a sad event happened in the University Boat Race, and that it might easily happen is proved by the recent accident to the Cambridge Eight. The University crew should set a better example to reckless freshmen who cannot swim, and yet think it fun to go out on the floods, and even to shoot lashers in canoes.

THE COAL TRADE.—No disinterested person will grudge that coal miners, who pass a large part of their lives in the bowels of the earth, and amid perpetual perils, should be paid such wages for their labours as would make them reasonably content with their lot. It is doubtful whether this end can ever be achieved in a thickly-populated country so long as the present competitive system of commerce exists. A period of high wages, such as occurred a few years ago, attracts a number of fresh hands to the mines; while, on the other hand, wages form such a heavy item in the colliery proprietors' bill, that a very trifling advance may cancel their margin of profit. Supposing coal-mining were made a Government department, we doubt if the work-people would be as well off as they now are. Judging by the Post Office, Governments are rather shabby paymasters; while enterprise and invention would speedily be shackled by red tape and routine. Yet we mention this Utopian proposal, because it would almost certainly cause that for which some of the workmen are now striving, namely, a restriction of the output. Under present arrangements, it can only be effected

by a voluntary lessening of the hours of labour. It is difficult to believe that this scheme, even if carried out in all the collieries, will be of any permanent benefit to the miners. No doubt the price of coal will go up for a time, and the public will be mulcted; but the extra money thus paid will go into the pockets—not of the men who "win" the coal, or who own the collieries, but of dealers and speculators. Besides, if good for miners, the plan should be good for other trades. Why not try "a restricted output" of bread and beef, bacon and cheese? The end would be that all the world would work half-time. It would be pleasanter in some respects—we should not be so "drove" as we often are now; but it is to be feared that short commons would become the rule rather than the exception.

CRYPTIC DISCONTENT.—If the intelligent foreigner were to glance through the speeches which have been delivered by leading Liberals during the last few weeks, he would conclude that the Liberal party is absolutely united about all great public questions. Yet every Englishman could tell him that this is very far indeed from being true. The Radicals do not like to say anything that would vex Mr. Gladstone; but in many newspapers which appeal almost exclusively to the working classes, and in private conversation, they freely express deep dissatisfaction with his policy. Their discontent is surely very natural. Mr. Gladstone led them to hope that, if Liberals were in power, England would never again interfere to check the growth of a sentiment of nationality for the sake of British interests. This has not prevented him from sending an army against Egyptian patriots; and, although the Government assert that Egypt is soon to be left to control its own affairs, the fact is that our troops still hold the country, and that they certainly cannot be withdrawn immediately, or in the near future. Then, in regard to Ireland, the Radicals have, from their point of view, much reason to complain. Instead of acting on the principle that force is no remedy, the Government are applying force with as much zeal as if they were no better than tyrannical and hard-hearted Tories. And Lord Hartington goes so far as to say that, unless the Irish become a loyal people, they ought not to receive new local institutions; while he doubts whether the land system of Ireland ought to be made the subject of further legislation. All this is so opposed to the impulses of Radical politicians, and is so different from what they had hoped, that they could hardly be expected to retain their old enthusiasm for their chief. Fortunately for the Government, however, Radicals have nothing to gain by asserting their independence; and so their discontent is not likely—at least for the present—to have serious consequences.

MALTESE ANTIQUITIES.—The French say we are a perfidious people; and even other nations do not always find our performances square with our promises. We took the Elgin marbles, "the last poor plunder of a bleeding land," from the Parthenon, on the pretext that we could take better care of them than the Turks or Greeks. And what care do we take of ancient monuments in countries under our own dominion? Why, we suffer them to be converted into quarries. Professor Sayce lately wrote to the *Times*, describing the condition of the Phœnician temples in Malta. These temples, it appears, are the last remaining relics of the religion of the Sidonians. Human sacrifices may have been offered on the fallen altar stones; Moloch and Astarte may have sniffed the incense within the now roofless walls. Well, we not only permit Time to have its way with the temples, but actually do not interfere when local peasants (who do not care for Astarte or Dagon) use the temples as quarries, or clear them away in the processes of agriculture. Recently our country has neglected archaeology. The Germans have excavated Mycenæ, Hissarlik, Olympia, Orchomenos, and the Austrians have plundered a nameless Lycian Heröon, while the French have explored the sacred Isle of Delos. And what are we doing? Mr. Ramsay has investigated some curious Phrygian tombs and monuments, but, on the whole, we are indolent, and even careless. We permit the antiquities which ought to be our sacred care in Malta to go to destruction. Mr. Gladstone, if his attention is drawn to a topic so interesting to himself, may help to save the work of the Sidonians.

MR. BRIGHT AT ROCHDALE.—Mr. Bright, as a speaker, is always interesting, but we like him best when he is non-political, because then we are pretty sure to be able to agree with every word he says. The occasion of his recent address was not especially remarkable, for fortunately this country can boast of not a few munificent benefactors such as Mr. Thomas Watson, the silk manufacturer of Rochdale, who has just given an infirmary to that town. Mr. Bright, however, shows his superiority to the ordinary run of public speakers by the excellent discourse which he preaches, if we may use the expression, on a rather commonplace text. In his biographical sketch of the donor, he gave some interesting glimpses of Lancashire life in the early part of a century when prudent, sober-living men ventured on matrimony if their wage reached a guinea weekly. And then how forcibly, and at the same time how simply, he pleaded for the future support of the infirmary by the townspeople of Rochdale! He showed how liable working people were to accidents, and how unfit their small crowded houses were for the treatment of such mishaps. There is not the

faintest novelty in these statements; but those who heard or read the speech will admit the persuasiveness of the appeal, and we believe that if a copy of this portion of the address were conspicuously hung up in workshops and factories it would be the means of bringing many contributions to hospital coffers. Mr. Bright's humorous account of the late Mr. Josiah Mason enduring the compliments of successive speakers with an unchanged countenance because he was stone-deaf, reminds us that we have seen Mr. Bright himself (who is not deaf) sit on the platform at a public meeting under a shower of rather gross flatteries, and that we admired the perfect placidity of his lion-like countenance.

SCOTTISH CROFTERS.—An important meeting was held the other day in Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the relations of landlords and tenants in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Much enthusiasm was displayed by those present, and it is significant that among the speakers all political parties were equally represented. It was the unanimous opinion of the meeting that the time had come for a thorough investigation of the grievances of crofters; and resolutions were passed urging the Government to collect authoritative information on the subject by means of a Royal Commission. We do not know whether the Government will be disposed to act on this counsel; but in the mean time prudent Scottish landlords will do what they can to render the intervention of the State unnecessary. They must see, judging by what has happened in Ireland, that if the question is seriously raised in Parliament they are much more likely than the crofters to come off second-best. It is generally admitted that many of the changes which have taken place with regard to the tenure of land in Scotland during the last hundred years were inevitable, and have, on the whole, had beneficial consequences. It is equally certain, however, that the crofters have often been harshly dealt with, and that landlords, in their anxiety to create great sheep-farms and deer-forests, are still too apt to disregard the reasonable claims of farmers of this humble class. Rights of pasturage which have belonged to their forefathers for centuries are taken from them without compensation; their own improvements frequently lead to the raising of their rent; and many families have had to seek for new homes in distant countries for no other reason than that some pet crotchet of the landlord or his agent has made it desirable to get rid of them. Already the agitation in Skye has suggested to some landlords that the relations between them and their tenants ought to be rather more humane; and it may be hoped that the rapid growth of this feeling will do something to prevent the present movement from becoming violent and extravagant.

GIRTON COLLEGE.—An appeal has been made to the public this week on behalf of Girton College, and we cannot suppose that the Committee of the College will have much difficulty in obtaining the funds they need. There are probably not many educational institutions of the present day which will be regarded with so much interest by posterity as this one. It has marked an era in the history of a great movement. At the time of its establishment "the higher education of women" was a favourite butt for what were called wit and satire. According to some critics, Nature had made women incompetent for the higher education; while others contended that if the feminine mind were not rigidly excluded from "male studies" the mothers of future generations would lose all the sweetness and graciousness that properly belong to their sex. To such objections as these Girton College offered the most effective of all answers—that of experience. It provided young women with the same opportunities of mental training as those which young men enjoyed; and its work has been attended by none of the dreadful consequences which were anticipated. It has been found that women may study Latin, Greek, mathematics, and natural science without either exhausting their physical energies or losing any of the qualities of character which men wish to see in their wives, sisters, and daughters. A deep impression has thus been produced; and we may expect that, whether the suffrage be granted to women or not, there will soon be no difference of opinion as to the expediency of establishing institutions where they may obtain instruction fitting them for any kind of duties to which they may afterwards choose to devote themselves. Among such institutions Girton College ought to continue in the front rank, and we advise all who are interested in it, and in the ideas it represents, to send subscriptions for the new buildings to the Bursar, Mrs. Croom Robertson, 31, Kensington Park Gardens, W.

PREHISTORIC MAPS.—Maps are probably rather old inventions. The shield of Achilles was a kind of terrestrial and celestial globe in one, with mountains in relief, the ocean and the *funi* of the period all displayed. Herodotus also speaks of a very antique but comparatively scientific map on a plate of bronze. It has been reserved for Herr Rödiger to discover prehistoric Ordnance surveys in Switzerland. There are smooth flat stones in that country, adorned with dots, lines, circles, and half circles. The meaning of these objects has been the subject of much conjecture, but Herr Rödiger says they are district maps, and that the dots correspond with existing towns and villages, the lines with roads. Fords and mountain passes are indicated. He concludes that the present roads existed, and the towns were centres of population, before the dawn of history. He also infers that the early Indo-Germanic race was more cultivated than a

vain people supposes. We do not know when history dawned in Switzerland—not very long ago, perhaps, after all. Nor are we told how the learned Rödiger ascertains that the stones are older than history. How does he get his date? May not the maps—if maps they are—be the work of not very remote Swiss boys, with plenty of leisure and a taste for topography? Similar stones are found in Northumberland, and in Zululand, too, but we do not think the wildest Zulu or Northumbrian would recognise maps in the decorative scratches.

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NOTICE.—With this Number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS:—"TYPE OF BEAUTY," X., from the Picture by P. R. Morris, A.R.A., exhibited in the Graphic Gallery; and a PORTRAIT of the late RICHARD WAGNER.



THE CARNIVAL AT NICE

THE Nice Carnival is ordinarily one of the gayest of such festivities in Southern France, and this year has been rendered unusually brilliant by the presence of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, and a host of other distinguished visitors. Both British Prince and Premier came over from Cannes to see the fun, and the Prince not only on Monday week witnessed the Battle of Flowers on the Promenade des Anglais, becoming himself the object of numerous floral missiles, but on the following day took his place amongst the maskers, and drove about in a domino and mask. Mr. Gladstone and his family watched the Carnival procession from the balcony of the Prefecture, and, the Times correspondent tells us, from the first appeared greatly interested and amused by the animated pageant that for two hours defied before him. But as he wore a tall hat—the only one visible in the town that day—his prominent position made him a target for all the confetti, thousands of the throwers of which pelted the illustrious statesman without knowing who their victim was. The Premier received this inevitable shower of plaster pellets with the utmost good humour, protecting his face with a little wire mask, and laughing gaily all the time. He did not, however, make any attempt to return the fire, although Mrs. and Miss Gladstone entered with great ardour into the excitement of confetti throwing. One of our sketches shows Mr. Gladstone in the Prefectural balcony, in which, through the kindness of M. Lagrange de Langre, the Prefect, our artist was also accorded a place, and the double-page engraving depicts the Prince of Wales at the Battle of Flowers and the Prefect offering him a bouquet. The scene was exceedingly pretty, all the carriages being gaily decorated with flowers and draperies, and each vehicle carrying hampers and baskets full of violets, roses, and purple anemones, tied into bouquets, to be used as missiles. The number of flowers thus used is so great that cargoes of them are sent to Nice from considerable distances for the occasion.

VARIOUS VALENTINES

THESE sketches are sufficiently explained by their respective titles.

THE BOLINGBROKE HOSPITAL BALL

THE Bolingbroke Fancy Costume Ball was held at the Albert Hall, February 6th, and was even more successful than last year, being both numerous and fashionably attended. At midnight the area of the vast interior presented to those looking down from the box tiers a veritable kaleidoscope of brilliant and ever-changing colour. Among the characters there were, as a matter of course, Carmens, Mascottes, Madame Favarts, French Cooks, Pierrots, and Jack Tars; there was a very handsomely-attired Marie Antoinette, an Amy Robsart in blue plush and pearls, an Austrian Vivandière in a crimson velvet jacket, trimmed with white fur; a Colleen Bawn in a green dress and a scarlet-hooded cloak, a charming brace of Boulogne fish wives; a pair (male and female) of Egyptian slaves; and a lady who cleverly represented a Paint Box, by wearing a skirt of dark brown, arranged with squares of all colours to represent the paints, a palette fan, and hair fastened with palette knife and brushes. We borrow the foregoing details from the *Court Circular*.

The Bolingbroke House Pay Hospital, on behalf of which this entertainment was organised, is a spacious and conveniently arranged mansion, standing on the verge of Wandsworth Common. It is intended to offer to sick persons who are able to pay, wholly or partially, for their support, all the advantages of hospital treatment and nursing, with, as far as possible, the comfort and privacy of home. Patients are admitted on payment of a reasonable proportion of their weekly cost, which averages 2l. 2s., if they are really unable to pay the whole of that sum. Each room contains from two to six beds. A private room may be had at from 3l. 3s. weekly.

Full particulars concerning the Hospital may be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, J. S. Wood, Esq., Woodville, Upper Tooting, S.W.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS

JOHN GEORGE LAMTON, third Earl of Durham, Mover of the Address in the House of Lords, was born June 19th, 1855. He was educated at Eton, was formerly a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, and succeeded his father in 1879. His grandfather, the first earl, was a well-known statesman and diplomatist. He was successively ambassador at St. Petersburg, Lord Privy Seal, and Governor-General of British North America.

SIR DONALD JAMES MACKAY, Baron Reay, the Seconder of the Address in the Lords, is also a Baronet of Nova Scotia, and Baron Mackay, of Ophemert, Holland. He is descended from Eneas Mackay, who was brigadier-general in the Mackay Dutch regiment, formed in William III.'s reign. Lord Reay was born in Holland in 1839, where his father was Minister of State. He succeeded his father in 1876, and was naturalised in the following year. He is well known for his scientific attainments. In 1877 he married Fanny Georgiana Jane, daughter of the late Richard Hasler, Esq., and widow of Capt. Alexander Mitchell, M.P.

MR. CHARLES THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, the Mover of the Address in the House of Commons, eldest son of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, M.P. for North Devon, was born 1842, and educated at St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, at Eton, and at Christchurch, Oxford. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1869, and made a prolonged tour in India and the colonies during 1870 and 1871. He took his seat in Parliament as junior member for East Cornwall in April, 1882, on the succession of the Hon. T. C. Agar Robartes to the Peerage. In 1879 he married Gertrude, third daughter of Sir John Walrond, of Bradfield, Cullompton. Mr. Acland has always taken a strong interest in the Volunteer movement, and commanded the 1st Devon Mounted Rifle Volunteers from 1866 to 1877, when they were dissolved.

MR. T. R. BUCHANAN, the Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons, was born in 1846 at Glasgow, where his father was an eminent merchant. He was successively educated at the Glasgow High School, at Sherborne, Dorset, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated with first-class honours. In 1871 he was elected Fellow of All Souls' College, and in 1873 was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, but never practised. He has been a considerable traveller, and has also written historical reviews, &c. He was returned unopposed for Edinburgh in 1881, on the appointment of Lord Advocate MacLaren to a Judgeship. Our engravings are from photographs as follows: Lord Durham, by Window and Grove, 63, Baker Street, W.; Lord Reay, by Elliot and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mr. C. T. D. Acland, by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly; and Mr. T. R. Buchanan, by Marshall Wane, 82, George Street, Edinburgh.



Old Mopp wonders what half-a-yard of blue ribbon can mean.



Enquiring Sister—"Yes, Dear, it's very pretty, but who is it from?"



Missus's Valentine.



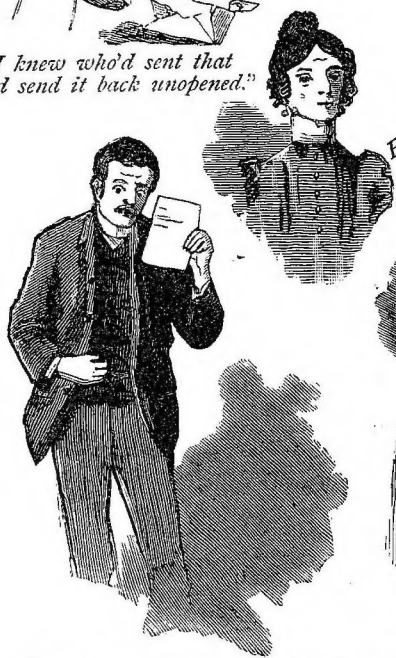
"Well, if I knew who'd sent that I'd -I'd send it back unopened."



The Cause of it all.



Mr. Harpin receives an eligible offer.



Only the Bill for that last Suit.

JSB.



Their first Valentine.



"I got Three!"

"Poor little Dear, I know she sent it" (But she didn't, it was only the other fellow who shared his rooms).



FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL IN AID OF THE BOLINGBROKE HOUSE PAY HOSPITAL

FRIEDRICH FREIHERR VON FLOTOW

THIS musical composer, so well known to English opera-goers by his ever-popular *Martha*, died at Wiesbaden on the 24th ult. Though chiefly renowned in England for the above-mentioned work, he was highly esteemed in Germany, where his compositions were in great favour. Not, however, that Flotow's music was of that severe classic nature which is now so generally affected by Teutonic composers. On the contrary, his style was far more light and airy, and in fact really belonged to the French school, where, indeed, he had studied in his early days. Though in every way a musician, Flotow could never lay claim to any distinct originality of his own, and as he chiefly received his education under French auspices, it is scarcely surprising that his productions savoured rather of Parisian than German influences. Friedrich Ferdinand Adolphus von Flotow—to give him his full name—was born in 1812 at Tenterdorf, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, belonged to an old noble family, and was at first intended for a diplomatic career. His passion for music, however, caused him to abandon this profession, and to go to Paris, where he studied under Reicha. There also he produced two pieces which formed the groundwork of his two greatest works, namely, *Stradella* and *Martha*. The first was written in 1837 as an operetta for the Palais Royal, while the second was produced as a ballet entitled *Lady Hovart*. His first actual success was *Le Naufrage de la Méduse*, written for the Renaissance in 1839, while his last success, *L'Ombre*, was produced in Paris thirty years later, at the Opera Comique. Not, however, that Flotow lived exclusively in Paris. From 1856 to 1863 he was Intendant at the Schwerin Court Theatre, while *Martha* was produced at Vienna in 1847, and *Stradella* in Hamburg in 1844. The first-mentioned work was first played in England in 1858, and achieved an immediate popularity—due, in a great measure, to that exquisite ballad "The Last Rose of Summer," an Irish air which Flotow interpolated into his work. A far different reception, however, was given to *Stradella*, which was played first in 1846, and again in 1864—the work proving to the taste of English audiences on neither occasion. As we have said, Flotow was eminently a lyrical and not a dramatic operatic composer, and for that reason the excerpts from his works are popular in England, even where the entire opera has proved a failure. Witness, for instance, the overture to *Stradella*, which even at this present moment is a favourite orchestral piece.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.

WRECK OF THE "PLASSEY"

DURING the gale on the morning of Monday, the 29th January, the iron sailing ship *Plassey*, upwards of 1,600 tons burden, bound from Demerara to London with a cargo of rum and sugar, was blown inshore off Hythe, and dragged her anchors till she grounded off Sandgate. The whole of the crew of fifty-six men were safely landed by the aid of a "breeches buoy." The ship looked almost uninjured, and hopes were entertained that she would be got off at the next spring tides, and as the weather was fine some of the cargo was saved on Wednesday and Thursday. But another gale coming on on Thursday night, the sea probably scooped away the shingle that supported her on the off side, and she appears to have fallen heavily over to seaward, and at once collapsed. A few feet of the shell of the bow, and of the stern, only remain, the sides having fallen flat, like a house of cards. It is feared that two lives were lost at the time of the catastrophe.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Alfred Moberley, Tynwold, Hythe, Kent.

THE DUBLIN MURDER LEAGUE

KILMAINHAM COURT HOUSE last Saturday was once more crowded by a throng of ticket-holders, allured by hints of new and startling revelations. Few, however—least of all the prisoners themselves—were prepared for the evidence then to be adduced. The galleries were quickly filled, and in front of the Bench and in other parts of the Court were Colonel Bruce, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Harrel, Mr. R. A. Holmes, the Treasury Remembrancer; Lord Bangor, Lord Edward Spencer, Colonel Carington, M.P., Professor Ingram, and other well-known gentlemen. Fourteen prisoners were arranged in or in front of the dock, of whom three (Delaney, the assailant of Judge Lawson, T. Doyle, and John Fitzharris, a cabman, known by the sobriquet of "Skin the Goat") appeared there for the first time, the two last having, indeed, only been arrested a day or two before. The remaining eleven were James Carey, T.C., Joseph and James Mullett, Brady, T. Kelly, Edward O'Brien, J. Hanlon, Peter Carey, D. Delaney, Pat Whelan, and Michael Fagan. Lawrence Hanlon and Dan Curley were placed in the dock later in the day. The first words uttered, "Call Michael Kavanagh," sent a thrill of expectation through the Court, and changed the easy bearing of the prisoners to looks of mingled wrath and terror. Fitzharris, an elderly man, with the battered features of a prize-fighter, interrupted the witness ever and again with scornful laughter or with bursts of rage. Brady, as Kavanagh pointed him out, growled like a wild beast with hate and fury, and then sat with his face half buried in his hands, only hissing out from time to time "It is a lie." The evidence of the carman—an intelligent-looking, black-haired man of twenty-eight or so—occupied over two hours, and curiously corroborated in many ways the "hearsay" testimony of the informer Farrell. He deposed that he had been enlisted in the society by Doyle some time before the 6th of May. "Mr. Mullett," he was told, "and many other big men were in it." Soon after he had driven Brady, T. Kelly, Pat Delaney, and a fourth whose name he did not know, to John Street, and waited there two hours and a half—a statement tallying with Farrell's account of the abortive attempt on the life of Mr. Forster. On the day of Lord Spencer's entry into Dublin he had driven the same four from Wrenn's in Dame Street to a tavern near the Park, and thence into the Park itself, to a spot where James Carey was seated on a bench beside the path. "Skin" (Fitzharris), for whom the party had been looking, came up in his cab from the opposite direction. All four now got off the car and joined Mr. Carey, and shortly afterwards Kavanagh saw two gentlemen approaching, one greyish, and much taller than his companion. Delaney had told him they were "watching the Secretary," and he heard one of the group say "It is the taller man," and saw another take out a white handkerchief as a signal. He himself had driven on in obedience to Delaney's order, and turning round heard a cry, and saw the tall man fall into the roadway. The four now got upon the car again, and were driven at a great pace in the direction of Chapelizod, and back to Dublin by a circuitous route. For this he was paid 17. by Brady at the time, and 27. the following day. He admitted having been hired for the attack on Mr. Field—in which, he said, Brady, T. Kelly, L. Hanlon, and D. Delaney were engaged—and described how the car, with Brady and Kelly, escaped pursuit, how Kelly got a new hat in Townsend Street, and how "the swords, or whatever they were," were wrapped in a piece of newspaper, and thrown by him into the basin near the gasworks at Ringsend. Other avowals tended to show that he had driven members of the gang to the scene of the murders of Bayley in Skinner's Alley and of Kenney in Saville Place, the latter having been sentenced to death for warning a police constable whom he had been told off to murder. Kavanagh only decided to inform on Thursday last, up to which time his reticence had completely baffled the authorities. Corroborative evidence on minor details was given by independent witnesses who had observed him on the 6th of May in Dame Street and in the Park: and a lad, named Jacob, deposed that on that evening he had seen a group of men wrestling near where the road branches to Chapelizod, and had noticed two of them fall, one at a

slight interval before the other. The rest ran to an outside car which was in waiting, but one remained, "and went from body to body, seeming to hit it," then also ran after the car, and was driven off along the Chapelizod Road. The audience had followed the proceedings with intense interest, and when an objection on the part of the counsel for defence to portions of the corroborative evidence as irrelevant drew forth from Mr. Murphy, Q.C., an emphatic declaration that he "would bring Kavanagh step by step to the scene of slaughter, rivet him to the transaction," there was a man who saw and took part in the transaction," there was a burst of natural applause, which was promptly suppressed by the sitting magistrates. A further adjournment was granted till next Thursday, after which date the evidence will be taken more quickly. The unknown "fourth man" is believed to have been discovered in the person of T. M'Caffrey, a quay labourer, and brother of one of the men already in custody. Divers have been employed in vain for the last few days to discover the weapons stated to have been thrown into the basin at Ringsend, and the authorities have determined to have the bottom dredged. The little house in which the Crown witnesses are sheltered is vigilantly guarded by the constabulary, and even the number of its inmates is only guessed by the curious, from the number of dishes cooked for their food at the police station.

THE CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL

THE chief feature of the Ice Carnival at Montreal this winter has been a huge ice palace, which has been built in Dominion Square. The building, the framework of which is of wood, covers a square area of nearly 100 ft. on each side. It is built of blocks of ice 40 in. by 20 in., and varying about 14 in. thick, which were cut with the axe or adze by workmen, and laid in the same manner as stone, except that water supplied the place of mortar. The roofing is made of wooden beams, upon which were spread cedar-branches, the ice formation being completed by using spray. This, as it trickles down the cedar-branches, freezes into solid masses or icicles. The spires are made in the same manner. At each corner stands a square tower some 30 ft. high. The appearance of the palace by day, with the sun sparkling on the semi-transparent ice-blocks and the frosted spires, or by night, when illuminated by the electric light, is said to be indescribably brilliant. It was opened on the 24th ult., the *New York Herald* tells us, "with cheers for the Queen, the President and people of the United States, as a baptism of red fire made the palace glow. The blue lights of thousands of snowshoers in the torchlight procession gave extraordinary brilliancy to the scene. Twenty thousand upturned faces reflected the lights from the palace, now ghastly with green, now glowing with red, now blushing with purple, and now, like blue devils, with blue. The white snow-sliders, with their torches, looked like a huge witches' procession from *Macbeth*. The palace was now opened formally. Thousands rushed in, overriding the police and overwhelming the band, who were playing 'Yankee Doodle.'"

TYPE OF BEAUTY.—No. X.

NOTHING need be said concerning this lady save that she is represented in bridal costume, that she was painted by Mr. P. R. Morris, A.R.A., and that the original was bought by an American gentleman, and is now, we believe, in the United States.

RICHARD WAGNER

THIS great musician, who died suddenly on Tuesday last at Venice within only two months of his seventieth year, was born at Leipzig on May 22, 1813. His father, who was an officer of the police, died six months after his son's birth, young Wagner being brought up by his stepfather. Curiously enough, as a child he manifested no particular sign of talent. He was first intended for a painter, but, making no progress with the brush, it was thought he might possibly have a taste for the sister Art, music, he having learnt a few tunes on the piano. At the age of nine the boy first showed a symptom of that queer contrariety which has ever been his chief characteristic. He drove his tutor to despair by the obstinacy of his fingers in the "rudiments," while he might be caught picking out the overture of *Der Freischütz* by ear when alone. His studies were not confined solely to music, and he was reckoned in the Dresden University particularly apt at the Classics, Ancient History, and Heathen Mythology. To this affection for ancient lore much of his "theory" is doubtless due, as also the fact that he has invariably written his own librettos. Indeed Wagner began dramatic writing while a lad at Dresden, spending over two years in the compound of a most terrible tragedy—a combination of *King Lear* and *Hamlet*, and wherein forty-two persons were killed mostly to reappear in a spiritual form. From Dresden he went to Leipzig, and, fired by Beethoven's *Egmont*, put music to his play, and then began to write orchestral compositions. Having had his first essay in public—an overture at the Leipzig theatre—well laughed at by the audience, he began to feel the necessity for a regular musical education; and accordingly placed himself under Theodore Weinlig, and studied hard the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. In 1833 Wagner composed his first opera, *Die Feen*, and two years subsequently produced the *Novice of Palermo*, which at once caught the public taste. The following year he became director of the Magdeburg Theatre, where, in 1836, he brought out *Das Liebesverbot*, a musical transcription of *Measure for Measure*—an unquestionable failure. In 1837 he went to Paris with the first two acts of his five-act opera *Rienzi*, but, notwithstanding letters of introduction from Meyerbeer, failed to get it accepted, and for some years had to make a living by writing articles for the musical papers and composing musical pot-boilers, though in no way neglecting more serious work, as during this time, amongst other things, he composed the music to his *Flying Dutchman*—a work but of seven weeks.

In 1842 *Rienzi* was played at Dresden, where it at once proved an immense success, and Wagner at last found himself famous, fairly popular, Conductor of the Dresden Opera House, and the King of Saxony's *Capellmeister*. The *Flying Dutchman* followed, and subsequently *Tannhäuser*, and numerous minor compositions. In 1848 Wagner, getting involved in political troubles, had to fly to Zurich, his *Lohengrin* being produced in his absence at Weimar by the Abbé Liszt, in 1850. In 1855 he came to London on an invitation to conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society for that season. He met, however, with no popular sympathy, and was bitterly assailed by the "orthodox" musicians. In 1861 he was enabled to return to Germany, and subsequently travelled through Austria and Russia, conducting concerts of his own works with remarkable success. He produced *Tristan and Isolde* in 1865, at Munich, whither the youthful King Ludwig of Bavaria, struck with the music of the *Flying Dutchman*, had called Wagner. King Ludwig has ever since remained his warmest patron, friend, and admirer,—the opera at Munich being noted for the splendour of its "appointments," thanks to the genius of the composer and the liberality of the Sovereign. Thus, owing to the monarch's aid, he was enabled to produce the *Meistersinger*, and subsequently to achieve the dream of his life, and build at Bayreuth a theatre after his own views, and for the express production of his lyrical dramas, and to inaugurate the reforms, both as regards stage effects and the audience, which he had so long advocated. There in 1876 he produced his stupendous work—*The Lay of the Nibelungen*—not to jaded spectators who had come to the theatre to be amused after the labours of the day, but to audiences who had journeyed far and wide to see and hear the much-talked-of tetralogy, and who were willing to devote the whole of four days—not mere evenings—and their complete attention to the performances. There also, thanks to his

mechanical arrangements, Wagner could produce the stage effects after which his heart yearned, for he regarded his work to be as much a drama as an opera. What he aimed at was the abolition of the traditional air, duet, and trio as so many separate parts, and the blending of the whole composition into one long continuous strain of harmony. At Bayreuth, also, last year, his latest work, *Parisfal*, was produced, but he always had hoped to have lived to see his Bayreuth house acknowledged as the German national theatre, where German lyrical drama could be played as near perfection as might be humanly possible. Wagner was a Teuton to the bone, and was singularly disliked by the French, who in 1867 hissed his *Tannhäuser* off the Paris Opera stage before according it a hearing—an affront which Wagner never forgave, notwithstanding that much of his music has been since played with considerable success at M. Pasdeloup's concerts. He was immensely popular in Germany, and even more so in Austria, where his curious eccentricities, of which there are many hundred stories, were revered as the vagaries of genius. He will be deeply regretted even by the foes of the "Music of the Future," as the compositions of his school have been semi-contemptuously termed; while as a master he will be mourned by thousands of his followers not only in Germany but in England—which, by the way, he last visited in 1877, to conduct his *Nibelungen* Concerts at the Albert Hall—and where the performance of all his principal works at Drury Lane last year excited genuine enthusiasm. In 1869 he married the daughter of the Abbé Liszt, and has left several children, who were with him when he died.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Herr Fr. Hanfstaenol, Munich.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 181.

SUMMER AND WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA

THE Americans, that is to say, the inhabitants of the Great Western Republic, have of late years shown far more devotion than formerly to athletics and muscular games, which is a good symptom for the future health of the community.

But in these respects they are certainly excelled by their northern neighbours, who are altogether more British in their ways, and whose climate is more suited to bodily exercise, their summer being brief, though decidedly hot, and their winter, though keen, bright and exhilarating.

The favourite summer game in Canada is Lacrosse, which is of Indian origin, and in which the Red man still shows great proficiency. Mr. Arthur Elliot, of St. Helier's, Jersey, from whose sketches our engravings are executed, tells us of a match at Montreal, between the Caughnawaga Indians and the Montreal Club, which after the Shamrocks is one of the best teams in Canada. Though the Indians play well, they are generally overmatched by a first-rate Canadian team, but in the match here referred to the Canadians were only one goal to the good. Part of this Indian team came to England some years ago. At home, however, they wear no feathers, and many play in an ordinary felt hat. They are remarkably quick, and their dodging is wonderful. "Speaking as an old football player (Rugby Union)," says Mr. Elliot, "the game (Lacrosse) is a splendid one, and for showing pluck, quickness, and excitement cannot be excelled."

The other engravings refer to winter sports, and, after such a season of rain and tepid south-west gales as we have experienced, they plant envious feelings in the bosom of the British skatesman. The hurdle-race took place at the St. George's Snow Shoe Club, Montreal. The right-hand picture represents a rendezvous of one of the Snow Shoe Clubs. During the season they go for "tramps" by moonlight across country. One of the favourite tramps is over the mountain. The left-hand picture is styled "Just out of School." Nearly every child in Canada carries a hand-sleigh, and takes every opportunity of using it when there are no police about. The young folks here are having "a good time"; they would describe it as "just too lovely for anything." The blanket snow-shoe dress looks very pretty on young people, but not quite so elegant on the "veterans." The little house in the tree is one of many placed in nearly all the trees in the towns as a shelter for sparrows during the winter.

'BEACONSFIELD, TASMANIA

TASMANIA, which of all British Colonies bears the palm for the healthfulness and agreeableness of its climate, remained for many years after the cessation of convict deportation in rather a stagnant condition. Of late, however, it has been proved to possess mineral resources little inferior to those of its mighty Continental neighbours on the northern side of Bass's Straits, and accordingly the colony has taken a fresh start.

Beaconsfield, formerly called Brandy Creek, is a township on the north coast, about thirty-three miles north-west of Launceston, and owes its flourishing condition entirely to the gold discoveries made there. The yield from the alluvial diggings, as is always the case, soon abated, but there is enough gold in the quartz reefs to keep miners at work for many years, and one of these reefs, the Tasmania, is said to be the most productive in the Southern Hemisphere. Beaconsfield now boasts of a population of nearly 2,500 persons, and has churches, schools, hotels, an assembly room, a mining exchange, and most of the other apparatus of civilisation. Still, we cannot expect the neatness of an English town which has existed for centuries. In Weld Street, the main thoroughfare, there were a good many holes, and tree-stumps as yet unextracted. Mr. John Ward, junr., to whom we are indebted for our sketches, says: "Soon after our arrival we saw a curiosity—a young bull ridden barebacked by a boy, guided by a horse's bridle, with snaffle bit. The large overshot water-wheel is used for driving a battery for crushing ore. Near here a miner was reclining outside his tent watching the boiling of his pot which was slung over a fire with two sticks. The mine is well worked, and rich stone was being raised from the Golden Gate shaft, where vigorous pumping was going on. The Post Office was located in an old wooden shanty. We visited the Tasmania Mine (spoken of above). We entered No. 2 Drift from the street. The tunnels are on different levels, and communicate by means of shafts. They are lofty and heavily-timbered. We stayed at the Club Hotel, a new building with good accommodation, civility, and moderate charges. There is a tramway company, with a station-house in the main street. The car is drawn by one horse, and the rails are wooden. By this conveyance we were carried 2½ miles through the bush to Bowen's Jetty, where we embarked on the little steamer *Empress of India*, and, after enjoying the scenery of the River Tamar, reached Launceston in four hours."

WAREHOUSEMEN'S AND CLERKS' SCHOOLS.—Most of our readers will be familiar with the imposing red brick buildings of these schools, seen on the hill after passing Croydon on the Brighton Line. It is worth while paying them a visit to see the 209 healthy children being reared here. Rarely a death occurs, although the fathers in most cases have died of consumption. Great efforts are made to maintain and extend their efficiency by City men, over whom the Lord Mayor presided at the annual festival on Wednesday last, which produced 2,000. Very much of the success of the institution is due to the exertions of Mr. Henry White, the secretary, who will be happy to give every information on application to the office, 97, Cheapside, E.C.



THE PURCHASE OF THE VALUABLE ASHBURNHAM MSS. BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM is being considered by the Trustees, who, however, cannot afford the necessary 160,000*l.*, unless Government comes to their aid by a special grant. Great anxiety is felt to secure this precious collection for the nation, that it may neither be scattered amongst *connoisseurs*, or go bodily out of England to enrich some other country, as in a recent memorable instance. Altogether this collection numbers some 4,000 volumes, and is virtually divided into four sections—the collection formed by Professor Libri, bought by the late Lord Ashburnham in 1848, and which includes ancient codices, illuminated manuscripts, mediæval literature, and interesting correspondence; the MSS. of early French poetry and romances gathered together by Barrois; the Stowe Library, which passed from the Duke of Buckingham to Lord Ashburnham in 1849, and which is rich in ancient charters, monastic registers, State papers, and antiquarian collections, and specially profuse in Irish history and literature; and lastly the Appendix or various MSS. gathered by Lord Ashburnham himself. Amongst the special treasures are a Psalter of the fourth century, very plain, and probably older than any specimen, except those in the Vatican, a tenth-century copy of the Saxon Gospels blazing with metal work and jewels, and a twelfth century edition bearing a heavy metal crucifix on the binding, and which is believed to be the identical copy on which the old British Sovereigns took their coronation oath. Some 900 of the most precious MSS. are now in charge of Mr. Maunde Thompson, Chief of the Department of MSS. at the British Museum, as specimens of the collection.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE NICE CARNIVAL—THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS: THE PREFECT PRESENTING A BOUQUET



THE crisis in FRANCE has continued throughout the week. The Senatorial Committee duly recommended the Senate to reject the Fabre Expulsion Bill unconditionally, but on Monday—the indictment of Prince Napoleon having been quashed in the mean time, and the Prince having been set at liberty—the members changed front, and agreed to the clauses of the Bill being discussed. Thereupon ensued a debate chiefly noteworthy for a spirited speech from M. Bardoux, urging the rejection of the measure from a purely Republican point of view, declaring that exile alone made Pretenders, while native air sooner or later made citizens. The tone of the debate manifestly leaning towards the inevitable compromise, a proposition from M. Barbey, empowering the Government to banish any Prince whose demonstrations and acts should tend to endanger the Republic, was then discussed and thrown out, as also the first clause of the original Bill, disqualifying the Princes from any civil or military post. As to the second clause, which enacted the banishment of any member of the ex-reigning families, it was replaced by an amendment from M. Léon Say, exiling any such personage “who publicly acts as a Pretender, or makes a demonstration designed to jeopardise the safety of the State,” and providing for his indictment before the Assizes, or the Senate, formed for the purpose into a Court of Justice. This, which now constituted the whole Bill, was passed by 165 votes against 127. Next day the changeling Bill was duly presented to the Chamber, and, after a somewhat turbulent scene between M. Déves and M. de Cassagnac, was referred to the former Committee for consideration.

In the mean time the Ministry has resigned, though continuing its executive functions until M. Grévy has found a new Premier. M. de Fallières, it appears, is far more seriously ill than was at first thought, and consequently will not be able to resume work for some time to come, and there is no man amongst his colleagues equal to taking the helm in the present storm. Moreover, the utter failure of the proceedings against Prince Napoléon has destroyed all confidence in the present Cabinet, and a complete change of Ministers is desired on all sides. The difficulty is to find a man equal and willing to take charge of affairs in so grave a crisis. M. Ferry has distinctly refused to do so, and all eyes are now turned upon M. Freycinet, to whom it is expected that M. Grévy will appeal to take the Premiership. M. Grévy, by the way, has received a very plainly-spoken remonstrance from a deputation of the Paris mercantile community, who called his attention to the injury inflicted on Commerce by the perpetual political crises. Whoever undertakes the Premiership will have a very gloomy prospect before him. The utter weakness of M. Duclerc's Cabinet in dealing with Prince Napoléon, the serious divisions in the Republican party which the subsequent debates disclosed, and the manifest intolerance and violence of the Radicals, have undoubtedly seriously shaken the faith of a great number of moderate thinkers in the stability of the Republic; while Prince Napoléon's manifesto has certainly united the Bonapartists in an unlooked-for manner. This manifesto is now being republished in the Bonapartist journals, with articles advocating a *plébiscite*, and the party are once more taking heart, and instituting a wholesale propaganda with a revival of their old energy. Thus, almost immediately on his release, the Prince started for England, to visit the Empress Eugénie, and thank her for her expressions of sympathy—a step manifestly taken in order to show that the breach in the Bonapartist camp, which at one time threatened to annihilate the cause, is now healed. Moreover, he is the one man in France who, since the death of M. Gambetta, has shown any initiative energy, and this, combined with the yet magic name of “Napoléon,” will carry no little weight with his countrymen.

That Prince Napoleon is well aware of all this is manifest by the evidently “authorised” communication in Thursday's *Times*, in which, while the visit of the Prince to the ex-Empress is especially described as “not of a political character,” it is credited with having removed some “private misunderstandings,” and to have led to the formal recognition of the Prince as head of the Bonaparte Family. The Empress is stated to have visited Paris in the belief that the Prince's rights as a private citizen, and not as a Pretender, had been violated, and she warmly disclaims “participation in any unlawful clandestine enterprise against the Republic.” So, practically, does the Prince, who states that he bases his appeal to the French people on the fact that no national vote has yet quashed the *plébiscite* recorded in favour of the Bonaparte dynasty in 1870. If a national vote should pronounce for the Republic he will bow to it. But arguing from the results of the various subsequent general elections, he urges that the present rulers of France are governing on the strength of popular apathy, and not by popular assent. He repudiates the statement that any dissension exists between his son and himself, and equally denies that he has any idea of abdicating in favour of Prince Victor. Should he be exiled, Prince Napoleon will come to England, while Prince Victor will enter the Italian army. Such declarations as these are far more important than the bombastic phrases of the “manifesto,” and decidedly mark the inauguration of a new and formidable Bonapartist campaign.

In PARIS there is little social news, save the sale of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's jewels, which realised rather over 7,120*l.*, and although most of the trinkets sold well, none brought particularly fancy prices. Yet many of the most valuable specimens were Royal gifts, from the magnificent pearl and brilliant collar presented by Queen Margherita of Italy, and which only sold for 117*l.*, to the enamelled gold Indian bracelet, representing a two-headed serpent set with diamonds and rubies, given by the Prince of Wales. The highest price, 960*l.*, was obtained by a diamond collar, with seven huge solitaires, presented by American admirers. The only theatrical novelty is the new three-act comic opera, by M. Lecocq, at the Folies Dramatiques, entitled *La Princesse des Canaries*.

The situation in EGYPT remains very much the same. Army organisation is proceeding as speedily and satisfactorily as could be expected, and Lord Dufferin's proposed Constitution is being actively discussed by the Ministerial Council. The chief principles of the scheme have been accepted, but the details will probably be somewhat modified before it can be officially promulgated. It is stated that our army of occupation will shortly be reduced to six thousand men—a force, it is thought, which will be sufficient to ensure respect for our authority, but there are symptoms at Alexandria and some towns in the interior, that it would in no way be safe to withdraw the troops altogether, as the fanatical feeling of many Egyptians against the foreigner is apparently as strong as ever. The addresses to Lord Wolsley and Alcester and General Drury Lowe, which are to accompany the presents to those officers on the part of the Egyptian nation, have now been handed to Sir E. Malet. They are signed by the President of the Chamber, the provincial Notables and Delegates, and various other prominent personages. They express the utmost gratitude to England for having rescued Egypt from “the oppression resulting from the personal and interested views of ignorant army officers.” Grandiloquent expressions abound, and the *Times* correspondent tells us that the

bombardment of Alexandria is called “the key of the door of victory,” that the advance on Cairo is compared to that of “victorious eagles and lions,” while Lord Wolsley is apostrophised as a “majestic person.” The black point in the Egyptian horizon continues to be the Soudan, whence the reports continue to be unfavourable. The latest rumour is that the Bara garrison has surrendered to the Mahdi. Sir Samuel Baker and other good authorities consider that the fall of Obeid and other strongholds is imminent.

Parliamentary circles in AUSTRIA have been greatly excited with regard to an action brought by a Polish Deputy to the Reichsrath, Herr Kaminski, against a railway contractor, Baron Schwarz, for assistance rendered to him in obtaining a certain concession. On securing his object the wily Baron offered a lower sum, thinking that the Deputy would never dare to make the transaction public. Herr Kaminski, however, was not quite so modest, and at once sued him for the whole amount. The case has caused great scandal in the Reichsrath, and various stormy scenes have ensued, which have terminated in the formation of a Committee of Investigation into the circumstances. Herr Kaminski has resigned, as also another Polish Deputy, and it is thought that several other members of the Polish party will follow their example. As the Poles form part of the Ministerial majority, the whole affair will not tend to enhance the credit of the Cabinet. Another burning topic has been the Danubian Conference now sitting in London, and the claims of Russia to the exclusive control of the Kilian mouth of the Danube, which Russia is by no means inclined to yield to any International body. Germany and Austria—the latter in particular—are naturally anxious to prevent Russia from monopolising the chief navigable mouth of the most important water highway of Central Europe, and urges England, as one of the Neutral Powers, to take the initiative in the matter. England, however, is scarcely as disinterested as at first appears, for out of the vessels which have navigated the Lower Danube since 1876 no fewer than 547 flew British colours to 114 Austrian, and still fewer Russian. Another somewhat vexed question has been the refusal of Roumania to allow her representative, Prince Ghika, to take part in the deliberations since the Great Powers decided at the meeting last Saturday that Roumania was to have no vote.

GERMANY has been saddened by the death of Richard Wagner, who died on Tuesday at Venice. A biography of him appears in another column, but we may mention that the cause of his death was heart disease, for the alleviation of which he had gone to Venice. He had a severe attack of pain on Tuesday, but nevertheless made up his mind to go out in a gondola. He had another seizure in the afternoon, however, which proved fatal, and about four o'clock he expired in an arm-chair in his study surrounded by his wife and children. The King of Bavaria was one of the first to telegraph his condolences, and begged the family to await his wishes respecting the funeral. There will probably be a grand public funeral at Venice, and the body will then be taken to Bayreuth, and interred in a mausoleum which Wagner himself had erected in the garden of his villa. The whole German and Austrian press teem with eulogistic notices of the great composer, and the *National Zeitung* exclaims that “to his most enthusiastic adherents Wagner was not only the renovator of opera, the most gifted musical genius of all times and nations, but also one of the deepest thinkers and poets . . . a high priest and prophet; one may almost say the founder of a new religion.”—There is no noteworthy political news, beyond a quarrel in the Reichstag between the Deputies and the Cabinet on the question of enhanced military pensions. Considerable interest is felt in the official inquiry into the loss of the *Cimbria*. The *Sullan* has been overhauled, and it was found that she had a small hole below the water-line, and that with twelve inches more of water in her hold she too would probably have gone down. Talking of shipping matters, the *North German Gazette* is very angry with the North German Lloyd Company for ordering two new steamers from England—such conduct being both “unpatriotic and unprotectionist.” Princess Bismarck has just been decorated by the Shah of Persia, who has already exhausted his stock of masculine orders upon her husband. The decoration is the Star of the Sun, and is said to cover half a modern ball-room bodice.

Court festivities are now being actively carried on in RUSSIA, as though to make up for the long period of seclusion which the Czar has thought proper to maintain. Preparations for the coronation in May are being carried on apace in Moscow, where numbers of temporary theatres and booths are being erected, and the Kremlin is being fitted up with the electric light. Great precautions are being taken against any Nihilist attempt, and no civilians are employed in the Kremlin, while a tremendous force of police is being organised. There is still considerable apprehension, however, that some attempt will be made, and in both Germany and Austria this feeling is gaining ground with regard to the Imperial Princes who are to be guests at the festival. Nor is this uneasiness lessened by the report of a Conference held at New York between Herr Most, Léon Hartmann, and three members of the International, at which it was declared that measures would be taken to prevent the coronation, that the “present calm in Russia is delusive, that the horizon in that empire is darkening, and that the hour of action is near.”—To turn to a more pleasant topic, the centenary of the birth of the poet Joukofsky, who was one of the tutors of the late Czar, has been enthusiastically celebrated in literary circles throughout Russia. Like the poet Pushkin, Joukofsky was of foreign extraction, his mother having been a Turkish prisoner captured by the Russian troops at Bender in 1770.

From INDIA the death of Sir Salar Jung is naturally the chief item. He died of cholera, at Hyderabad, after a few hours' illness. His loss will be severely felt, not only by the Nizam, who will come of age in a few months, but by the British Government, which, as the official announcement of the event in the *Gazette* truly stated, “has lost an enlightened and experienced friend, the Nizam a wise and faithful servant, and the Indian community one of its most distinguished representatives.” At the annual dinner of the Calcutta Trades Association, the Viceroy attended for the first time. In his speech he devoted himself mainly to an explanation of the policy of the Government with regard to the encouragement of private enterprise. He declared that the Indian Government regarded it as a matter of primary importance that private enterprise should be developed to the utmost extent, and looked with the highest satisfaction on every increase in the investments of private capital in Indian undertakings. The authorities would take every opportunity of handing over to private enterprise any work which was at the present time performed by the already overburdened Government. Other topics have been the rejection of the Burmese proposals on the grounds that they were laid before the Government after the prescribed period, and that the terms offered were generally unacceptable; the defeat of the Bheels by the troops near Ali Rajpur on the 5th inst.; and a rising of the Looshais. A party of this tribe attacked the Deputy-Commissioner of Cachar while on his way to a conference with the chiefs near Minandhur, and a detachment of the 12th regiment has orders to be ready to march upon the Looshais should pacific means of effecting a settlement fail.

In ITALY the export returns for 1882 show a serious decrease of over 1,200,000*l.*, and the imports an increase of more than 500,000*l.* The falling-off in the exports chiefly relates to wine and oil.—In DENMARK the question of the Danish subjects in Schleswig-Holstein being rendered liable to military service by Germany is exciting considerable annoyance.—In TURKEY the Porte has protested with regard to the non-settlement of the claims of the Mussulman proprietors in the Servian provinces; and Montenegro

has again appealed to the Powers to compel the Porte to definitively fix the long-delayed frontier question.—From the UNITED STATES the chief news refers to fresh and disastrous floods which are causing terrible devastation in Pittsburg, Louisville, and Cincinnati. The banks of the Ohio are completely overflowed, and the riverside proprietors have suffered terribly. At Louisville business is almost at a standstill, and from 8,000 to 9,000 persons have been driven from their homes.—In CANADA the Marquis of Lorne has delivered the Inaugural Speech in the Dominion Parliament. He congratulated the country on the prosperous state of the finances, and expressed the expectation that the Pacific Railway would reach the Rocky Mountains before the expiration of the present year. During his trip to the United States he rejoiced to observe evidences of the regard of the American people for the British Empire.—From SOUTH AFRICA the *Times* correspondent wires that “Cetewayo” is declared by the local Ekowe press to have “eaten up” all the crops of Umfanawenhlela, the kintleg who had disputed his authority, and had occupied Ulundi. The King intends, it is said, to send Dabulamanzi and Undabuko to England to claim back Dunsland.



THE QUEEN has returned to Windsor for the spring season. Before leaving the Isle of Wight Her Majesty received Captain Shaw, who minutely inspected the different appliances for the prevention of fire-spreading at Osborne. On Saturday evening Lieutenant-Colonel Guinness, Seaforth Highlanders, dined with the Queen, and after dinner Captain Brook Hunt and Lieutenant Spottiswoode joined the Royal circle. Next morning Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, where the Rev. Canon Prothero officiated; and on Monday the Queen and Princess called on Her Majesty's Clerk of the Robes, Mr. Bontein, who is seriously ill. During the morning the three young Princesses of Edinburgh left Osborne for London; while on Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice also left, crossing as usual to Gosport, in the *Alberta*, and reaching Windsor in time for lunch. On Wednesday Her Majesty held a Privy Council at the Castle. Yesterday (Friday) the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was to be christened in the Private Chapel. The Bishop of London would perform the ceremony.—The floods have seriously affected the Windsor district. Thus the water has spread over the Home Park east of the Castle; and the Queen's private drive between the Victoria and the Albert Bridges, Old Windsor, about a mile long, is completely submerged.—Her Majesty has sent special inquiries respecting the condition of the survivors from the *Keennure* Castle shipwreck.

The Prince of Wales left Cannes on Monday afternoon. A few French and English visitors assembled to bid good bye to the Prince, who left with the Mayor various sums of money for the poor and several charitable objects. Reaching Paris next morning, the Prince called on M. Grévy and received Lord Lyons; while on Wednesday evening he left for London. The Princess and her daughters came up to Marlborough House from Sandringham on Wednesday. On Sunday the Princess attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church in the morning, and at West Newton in the evening. The Prince of Wales, as well as the heirs of the German and Austrian thrones, will be invited to the Czar's coronation.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh continue to join in the various State festivities at St. Petersburg. They leave on the 25th inst. for Berlin, and are expected in London about the second week in March.—Directly after the christening of their infant son, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught go first to the South of France for the Duchess's health, and next to Germany to visit her relations. The Duke and Duchess last week changed their quarters from the Lancaster Tower at Windsor Castle to Edward III.'s Tower, their apartments being taken by the Duke and Duchess of Albany and the Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, who arrived at the Castle on Saturday, and will remain until after the Duchess of Albany's *accouchement*.—Princess Christian on Monday presided at a meeting of the Ladies' Committee for providing warm clothing for the sufferers by the floods in Germany. The Prince still remains in Germany.—Princess Louise is expected to return to Ottawa early next month.



A MEETING was held on Monday in the Cathedral Library, Canterbury, to complete the arrangements for the enthronement of the new Primate. The Bishops of Durham, Dover, Winchester, Lincoln, Hereford, Rochester, Lichfield, Bedford, Truro, and Ballarat, as well as Bishops Mitchenson and Oxenden, have announced their intention of being present. The cathedral will provide sitting accommodation for 2,000, and standing room for 500 more, but the applications already received are much in excess of the space disposable. The memorial of Dr. Benson's work in Cornwall is to take the form of a transept in Truro Cathedral, to be named the Benson Transept. The sum proposed to be raised is 15,000*l.*

A DEPUTATION representing various Dissenting bodies waited last week on the Home Secretary to urge the further amendment of the Burial Laws, and more especially the abolition of burial fees and the transference of the churchyards to some local authority. Sir W. Harcourt, while admitting that the law was unsatisfactory as it stood, could not quite go so far as this. Fees must not be done away without compensation to vested interests, and to take away the control of the churchyards from the incumbents would practically amount to Disestablishment. The Home Secretary was accompanied by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Osborne Morgan.

AT A MEETING on Friday last at Croydon it was resolved to carry out the scheme—rejected by the National Memorial Committee—for the purchase of the old Archbishop's Palace as a memorial to the late Primate. Six thousand pounds will be required altogether, 4,000*l.* for the purchase of the building and 2,000*l.* for its restoration; and it is proposed to hand over the chapel to the parish authorities, and convert the rest of the edifice into a public library and museum.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Peterborough Cathedral Fund now amount to 7,000*l.* The stage for the steam crane is nearly erected, and is about ninety feet high. The fissures in the tower have been again enlarged, partly, it is thought, through the action of the recent storms.

THREE SUB-COMMITTEES were appointed last week to prepare for the holding of the Church Congress in Reading next October. The first of these, the Subjects Committee, will select the subjects for the reading of papers and for discussion; the second, the

Buildings Committee, will provide a wooden building capable of holding 2,500 persons; the third, or Reception Committee, scarcely requires explanation. The respective chairmen of the three committees are the Bishop of the Diocese, Mr. Walter, M.P., and the Mayor of Reading, Mr. Blackall Simonds.

A MONUMENT to William Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, will shortly be set up at the west end of the Western Gardens on the Thames Embankment. The sculptor is Mr. Boehm, and the monument will have inscribed upon its base the names of twenty counties, towns, and religious associations in England and the United States which have subscribed towards the cost.

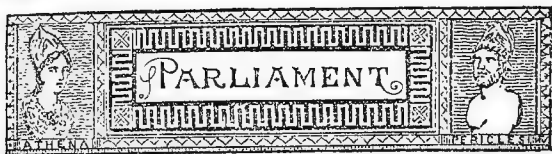
EXPELLED FROM GENEVA, and also from Lausanne, Miss Booth has now gone on to Berne to make her protest to the British Minister. The Cantonal Government of Berne has prohibited all meetings of the Salvation Army in virtue of Article 82 of the Constitution, which forbids any religious corporation to settle or give instruction in the country without permission of the Cantonal authorities.

CARDINAL M'CABE had a relapse last week from a chill caught while out for a drive. Congestion of the lungs was apprehended, and at Rome it was even reported that he had died. Later bulletins pronounce him a little better, though not yet out of danger.

THE LONDON DIOCESAN CONFERENCE met on Tuesday, under the presidency of the Bishop. The programme of agenda was the same as was announced last week. In the course of the discussion on proposed changes in the marriage law, Lord Cairns avowed himself strongly opposed as a layman and a lawyer to the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and denied, in answer to Mr. Chubb, that such a change had ever found favour with Lord Beaconsfield. He had also heard some very convincing arguments against it in the House of Commons from Mr. Gladstone—though he could not of course say what that gentleman's opinion might be at present.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE has addressed an urgent circular to every minister engaged in circuit work, informing him that it has been decided "to present one united petition to Parliament, signed by as many members as possible of all our congregations in England," in favour of Sunday Closing. The time for signing is to be the first two Sabbaths in March, and the intervening days.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER has received a memorial approving his action in the Miles Platting case, signed by 318 clergy of the Diocese. The total number of Diocesan clergy is 669.



THE opening of Parliament on Thursday was marked by various remarkable peculiarities. In the first place the date was fully a week later than usual. In ordinary times the 3rd or the 5th of February would be found to be the most usual date for the assembling of Parliament. It almost invariably takes place within the first eight days of the month, the date varying according as Thursday happens to fall. Why this Session the date was extended is too well known. The long recess was broken in upon by an Autumn Session, and Members getting clear of their work by the last days of November might well be granted an extra week in February.

Another still more striking special feature of the opening day was the absence of Mr. Gladstone. Whether as Private Member, Junior Minister, Leader of the Opposition, or First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Gladstone has rarely failed during the last fifty years to be in his place on the opening day of the Session. After the astonishing General Election of 1874, when his power suddenly crumbled into the dust, and out of it rose the structure of a Conservative Ministry, he did not fail to put in an appearance on the opening day of the new Parliament. He was then no longer Leader of the Opposition, a fact of which he took note by some curious little mannerisms. No one expected to see him march up to the brass-bound box, the stock of which is impartially distributed between the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition. But few were prepared for the excessive humility he displayed. He would not seem to compete in any manner with the personage who eventually might be selected to lead the Liberal party. His humility did not aspire above the very lowest seat under the shadow of the Speaker's chair, where junior lords are accustomed to shelter their insignificance. More pointed still was his appearance with his hat on, and a stick held in his gloved hands. He had, as it were, just dropped in, and was anxious, above all things, that no one should think he intruded. He was there but for a quarter of an hour, just to witness the opening ceremony. When that was over he would pass out to spend the evening amid circumstances which interested him far more than politics or Parliamentary debate. This was a diffidence which did not last much more than twelve months. After that Mr. Gladstone edged himself closer and closer towards the brass-bound box, till he once more assumed in fact if not in name the office of Leader of the Opposition, and going forward with increasing energy brought about, by even a more tremendous shock than that which had shattered his own Ministry, the fall of the Conservative Administration.

On Thursday all eyes instinctively turned towards the place where Mr. Gladstone's keen face and nervous body formed the most familiar feature of last Session. They beheld Lord Hartington imperturbable but watchful, not appearing intently to listen but, as he showed when the time came for him to speak, fully master of the situation. There were other changes on the Treasury Bench beyond the absence of the chief. Sir Charles Dilke has taken a great leap since the House last met, and was loudly cheered on the first opportunity the House could seize to congratulate him on his promotion to the Cabinet. A new recruit appeared in the person of Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, who succeeds Sir Charles Dilke at the Foreign Office. Another figure had vanished from the Treasury Bench, and another voice will never more be heard within the walls of the House of Commons. Mr. Johnson, Attorney-General for Ireland when the House was sitting in November, is now a Judge, and Mr. Porter, then Solicitor-General for Ireland, takes a step upward. There is room on the bench for the new Solicitor-General when he can get a seat, a contingency which at the present moment seems a little remote.

The ceremonial business of the opening of Parliament did not commence till two o'clock. But for an hour and a-half previous members began to gather in the House of Commons, and much joyous greeting took place. There are two occasions in the Session when the spirits of members rise to their highest pitch. One is when they come together to commence the work of the Session, and the other on the day when they separate for the holidays. On the whole the first occasion is the more exhilarating, since by the time the last hour of the Session has struck hundreds of members have already left town, and it is only some five or six score who make a point of remaining to the last to shake hands with the Speaker. On Thursday the Speaker, seated in the chair of Sir Erskine May, held an informal *levée*, members gathering round him as well as the narrow space between the table and the Treasury Bench would permit.

This seating of himself in the chair of the Clerk is one of the many

odd etiquettes of Parliamentary life. Till Black Rod had summoned the Commons to the other House to hear the Queen's Speech read, the Session had no existence; and therefore the Speaker, though arrayed in wig and gown, might not sit in his accustomed chair. The Lord Chancellor, when not presiding on the Woolsack (as when the House is in Committee), takes his seat on the Ministerial Bench, whence he not infrequently arises to address the Committee in his capacity as a member of the Government. The position of the Speaker in the House of Commons is distinctly different. He is above all things neither a Ministerialist nor a member of the Opposition. The Treasury Bench and the Front Opposition Bench offer him equally convenient resting-places when he may not sit in his own chair. But to take up a position, however temporarily, on either bench would be an outrage on the impartiality of his office. Accordingly, Sir Erskine May, the Clerk of the House, conveniently retires, and the Speaker sits at the table, taking the chair for the first time when he returns from the House of Lords, having witnessed the ceremony of the opening of Parliament, and when, "for greater accuracy," he reads over again, with sonorous voice, the document which a few minutes earlier members had heard recited in the more lugubrious tones of the Lord Chancellor.

The programme of the Session was known beforehand with unusual certainty. Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech recently delivered at Swansea, had forestalled much of the interest that usually surrounds the Queen's Speech. Nevertheless, at the last moment, there were one or two points which could not be accepted as certain till Members had heard the official declaration with their own ears. Here was Mr. Bradlaugh hovering about the lobbies, ready to pounce down upon the Mace, unless it proved true, as reported, that the Government intended to bring in the Parliamentary Oaths Bill. There was another rumour of a great financial *coup* contemplated by the Government, which would involve the buying out of the Sultan in respect to the Egyptian tribute. Statements affirming and contradicting both these rumours were current in the House during the bustling hour that preceded the ceremony of the opening. It was, consequently, a large and eager throng that followed inconveniently close on the heels of the Speaker as he led the procession to the House of Lords, and stood at the Bar with unmoved countenance, whilst the five Lords Commissioners, clad in red robes, and seated on a bench before the Throne, accomplished the broadly humorous ceremony of opening Parliament by Royal Commission.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

IT has never been made quite clear what is the exact connection between St. Valentine and the rites and customs which have been from time immemorial associated with the Fourteenth of February. If he ever had any existence at all (which some sceptics have been found to doubt), the Saint would appear to have been a Christian priest who was martyred in Rome some time in the third century; but whether the story was not invented *ad hoc*, and whether the name is not connected with that mysterious German word *Valten*, which is said to have once signified a personage not usually mentioned in polite society, are matters which we may leave to the antiquarians to settle. At any rate, St. Valentine's Day is older than any saints; for long before the Christian era we know that the Roman youths used to draw lots with the names of girls on them in honour of their goddess Juno Februata. The ceremony was looked upon with no small disfavour in the early days of the Church by the clergy, who tried to divert the custom to more devout uses by making the young men draw the names of female saints instead of those of less ethereal divinities; but there is a good deal of human nature in man, as an American writer observes, and we do not find that this pious fraud was altogether successful. There are moments when the most steady-going of young gentlemen would probably deem a Saint Catherine rather an inefficient substitute for an earthly Kate. So Valentine customs lasted on through mediæval times, and round them gathered a host of quaint superstitions, most of them having reference to lovers' vows and lovers' ways. Such was the idea that the "wood-birds" begin to mate precisely on the 14th of February, and not a day sooner or later—a conceit very common in English literature, and familiar enough to students of our poetical writers from Chaucer to Mr. Austin Dobson. Such also was the belief that the first person of the opposite sex seen on the morning of this day, "in spite of Fortune shall our true love be"—at any rate, till the next anniversary. Mr. Brand, in his vast collection of "Popular Antiquities," gives many curious instances of practices which sprang from this superstition. In Norfolk it was the custom for young people to "catch each other for Valentines" by saying "Good morning, Valentine," when they met; and the one who said this first received a present from the other. A less comfortable ceremony may also be mentioned on the same authority. Maidens who were anxious to know what gifts Cupid had in store for them used to boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, fill the shell with salt, and eat it, shell and all, before going to bed on St. Valentine's Eve; and in the course of the ensuing night they were privileged to behold their sweethearts or future husbands. It is certainly not surprising that they "saw something" after such a regimen.

The drawing of lots and the giving of presents were, however, the distinctive features of the day, especially in England. George Buchanan, writing some three centuries ago, has some pretty Latin verses on the subject, which we may venture to paraphrase somewhat as follows:—

Once more the Feast of Valentine returns, a gladsome day,
When, by our fathers' custom, in honour held alway,
Each gallant draws a maid by lot; and, whoso'er she be,
He gives her gifts, and holds her as his queen and his lady.

Sometimes the custom was made to serve a more serious purpose, and mediæval match-making mamma occasionally found St. Valentine's Day by no means without its important uses. Exactly four hundred and seven years before the time of this present writing a rising and eligible young barrister received the following flattering invitation:—"And, cousin, upon Friday is St. Valentyn's Day, and every bird chooseth him a mate; and if it like you to come on Thursday at night, and pray you that ye may, ye may abide here till Monday. I trust to God ye shall speak to mine husband, and I shall pray that we shall bring the matter to a conclusion." The matter in question, it need hardly be said, was the marriage of the writer's fair daughter to the barrister aforesaid; and it is satisfactory to be able to record that the transaction came to the desired conclusion, and that the lady and "her right trusty and well-beloved Valentyn," as she subsequently calls him, became man and wife in due course, and neither seems to have found any reason to regret that subtle little note and its results.

As a rule, however, the interchange of Valentine courtesies was strictly "without prejudice," as solicitors say, and it was quite understood that on this privileged occasion flirtations might go very far and mean nothing. This is evident when it is considered that married people were drawn, and drew each other, no less than the bachelors and the maidens. In such cases the sentimental part was probably reduced to a minimum; but the more material portion, which consisted in the reception of presents by the lady, was duly insisted on, and economical middle-aged gentlemen no doubt looked upon St. Valentine, and all that appertained to him, in the light of a considerable nuisance. Mr. Pepys, for instance, notes in his Diary, under date February 14, 1667, that he was this year his wife's Valentine, "and it will cost me 5*l.*; but that," he adds, with his usual inimitable candour, "I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines." On another occasion he writes (with no doubt a gratified chuckle):—"I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my

Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others." We may hazard the conjecture with some confidence that little Miss Pierce's present was not distinguished by any extravagant sumptuousness.

In this, as in so many other things, we seem to be going back to the ways of our forefathers. The custom of sending Valentines is no doubt a "survival" of this time-honoured practice of bestowing gifts; but, until a year or two ago, it had dropped into a mere form, which, if meaningless, was at least inexpensive. From an artistic point of view there is, perhaps, not much to be said for a sheet of note-paper cut into imitation lace at the edges, and containing a bunch of embossed roses, a silver dove, two pink cupids, and a few verses of a mildly devotional character; but even a West End tradesman could not find it in his conscience to make you pay anything very ruinous for this production. But walk into the shop of a Regent Street or Bond Street stationer nowadays, and ask for something *recherché* in Valentines, and you will be shown an elaborate water-colour drawing, looking rather like a choice "bit" by Birket Foster, or a morocco and satin jewellery box, containing a trifle of a gold and opal bracelet, with earrings to match; and, when you come to ask the price of these baubles, you will perhaps be "not sorry" if, like Mr. Pepys, you find it possible to be somewhat below the high-water mark of fashion. Married men, at any rate, are now exempt; and, if you are a Benedict, you may walk by *in retorto oculo*, and leave it to Dives and Amans to pay honour to St. Valentine by heaping rich gifts as votive offerings upon his shrine.

S. J. L.



RICHARD WAGNER.—The event which has marked the progress of the week just expiring is one of grave importance to Art and its followers generally. Richard Wagner is dead. How much this sentence conveys will be best understood by those who have followed the career of this extraordinary man from beginning to end—disciples or antagonists can matter little. A grand and imposing phenomenon has vanished into space, leaving its predominant influence still to act upon the world at large—the world of Art in particular. The progress of Wagner, during successive stages, is of itself a curious and absorbing study. The Wagner tree, sprung from a solitary acorn, has expanded inch by inch, through sometimes imperceptible evolutions, into a giant oak, stretching its arms over the entire domain of Art-culture, now overshadowing with dire despondency, almost as often scattering welcome beams of light—as though some fairies, ensconced within the leaves of its topmost branches, took pity on humanity, and, with signals unmistakable, showed that perpetual gloom was not the absolute necessity of our being, and that a more bright and cheerful prospect for Art might be reckoned on with confidence by those who, loving Art seriously, worshipped it with sincerity, and thoroughly believed in its future influence for good. These, in fact, could never, by any, however powerful, illusion, be persuaded that impenetrable gloom was an absolute necessity, or that pessimism was a decree of Providence. And to this encouraging look-out, it must be admitted, by all who have read his books, treatises, and pamphlets connecting Art with politics, that Wagner has occasionally administered real and eloquent support. Half pessimist (in regard to the theories and productions of others), pure optimist (in regard to his own), that Wagner—however swayed to the singular course of action marking his life and Art-career—believed he had hit upon the right thing, in his elaborate treatise, *Oper und Drama*, and the aptest way of exemplifying it, in his dramatic works, from *Tannhauser* to *Parsifal*, will scarcely be denied by intelligent, impartial, and even comparatively indifferent observers. At the same time his aggressive temperament, his intolerance of contradiction in any form, and his often almost cruel depreciation of those who had laboured before him, to say nothing about some of his more eminent contemporaries, created a host of enemies; while on the other hand his persuasive eloquence, in many instances, and that towering individuality which seemed to convey the incontrovertible fact that he was made to domineer over men whom he instinctively regarded as inferiors, brought around him a community of adorers, who went beyond the exclamation of zealous Mahomedans, and protested with wild and indiscriminate enthusiasm (executing the dances of the Dervishes of the Temple) "There is but one Wagner, and Wagner is his prophet"—for that, and that alone, was his ideal of supremacy. What he uttered *must be truth*—truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. However, he has now unexpectedly, and with universal regret, gone from among us. He was conspicuous among the notable figures of the time, and has been a world's talk for thirty years and more. It will now be the duty of conscientious critics, fitted by nature for the task, to weigh his pretension in the balance, to gauge the significance of his doctrines, and discuss the positive and comparative worth of his productions as exemplars of those doctrines. That the task will be carefully fulfilled throughout may be safely conjectured. Meanwhile, in respect of this very extraordinary man, the old French saying, "*Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*" cannot apply. Wagner is dead; but who existing among us can be accepted as his heir?

MY VALENTINE

CLING to me like sweet woodbine,
And be thou my Valentine;
Slide down easy Love's incline
On my sleigh, dear Valentine.
I would rather cease to dine
Than leave thee, my Valentine.
As fine silver thou'lt refine
Me, my flame, my Valentine.
Thou hast eyes like gentle kine,
Lips like cherries, Valentine.
Cupid's cruel rod and line—
Capture me, my Valentine.
O be thou for ever mine,
Sweetest, dearest Valentine.
May you, by the Muses Nine,
Like this little Valentine.
If you don't, I'll droop and pine,
All for thee, my Valentine;
And not leave a single sign
Of myself, dear Valentine.
Then, perhaps, one tear of thine
Will bedew me, Valentine.
P'raps—though wrongly—you'll divine
(Naughty, rude Miss Valentine!)
That o'ercome by too much wine
I did pen this Valentine.

W. A. L.



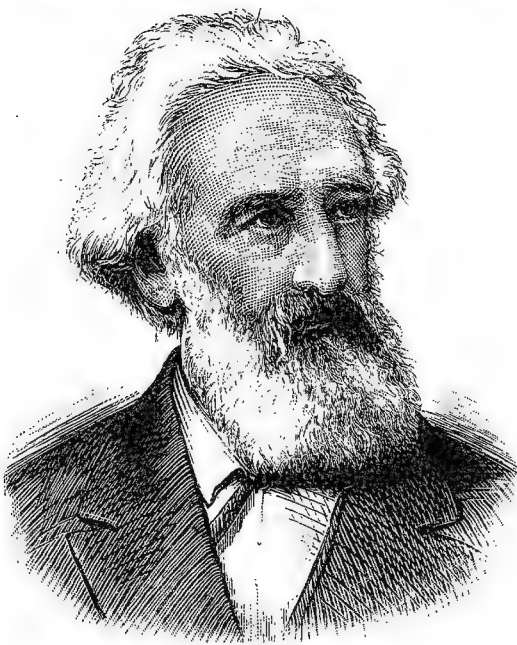
THE EARL OF DURHAM
Mover of the Address to the Throne in the House of Lords



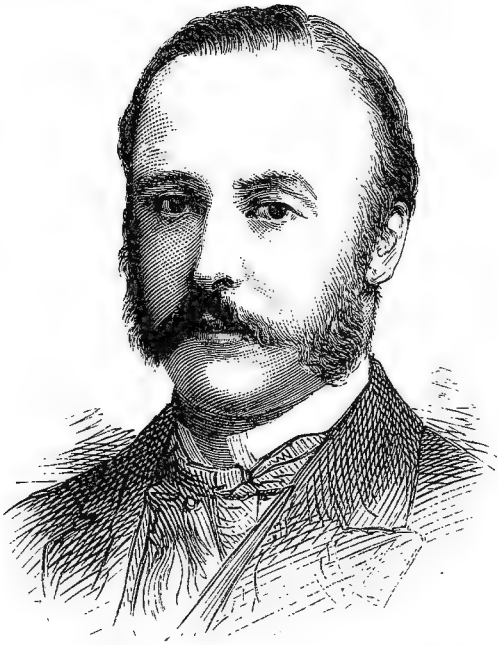
BARON REAY
Seconded of the Address to the Throne in the House of Lords



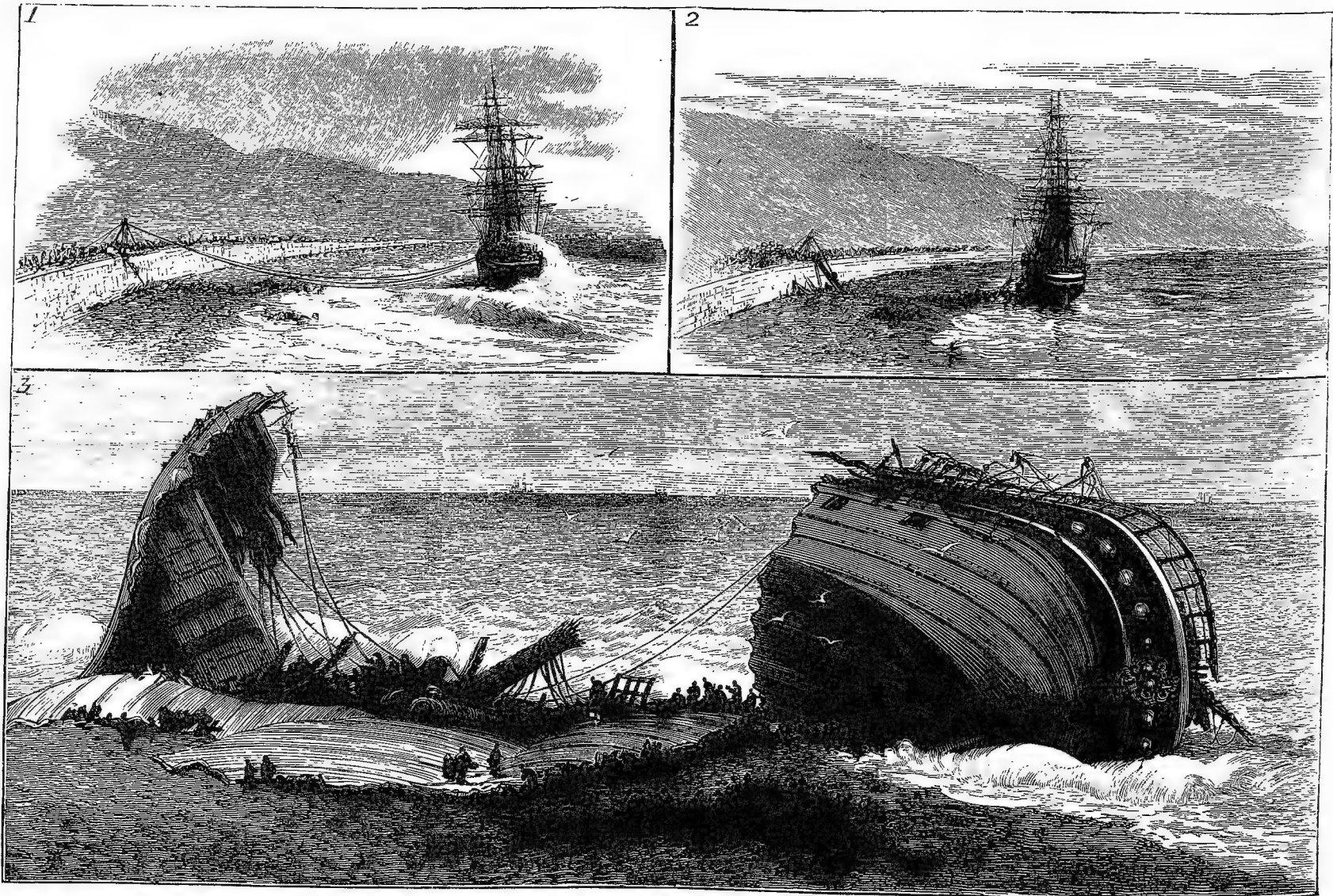
T. R. BUCHANAN, ESQ., M.P.
Seconded of the Address to the Throne in the House of Commons



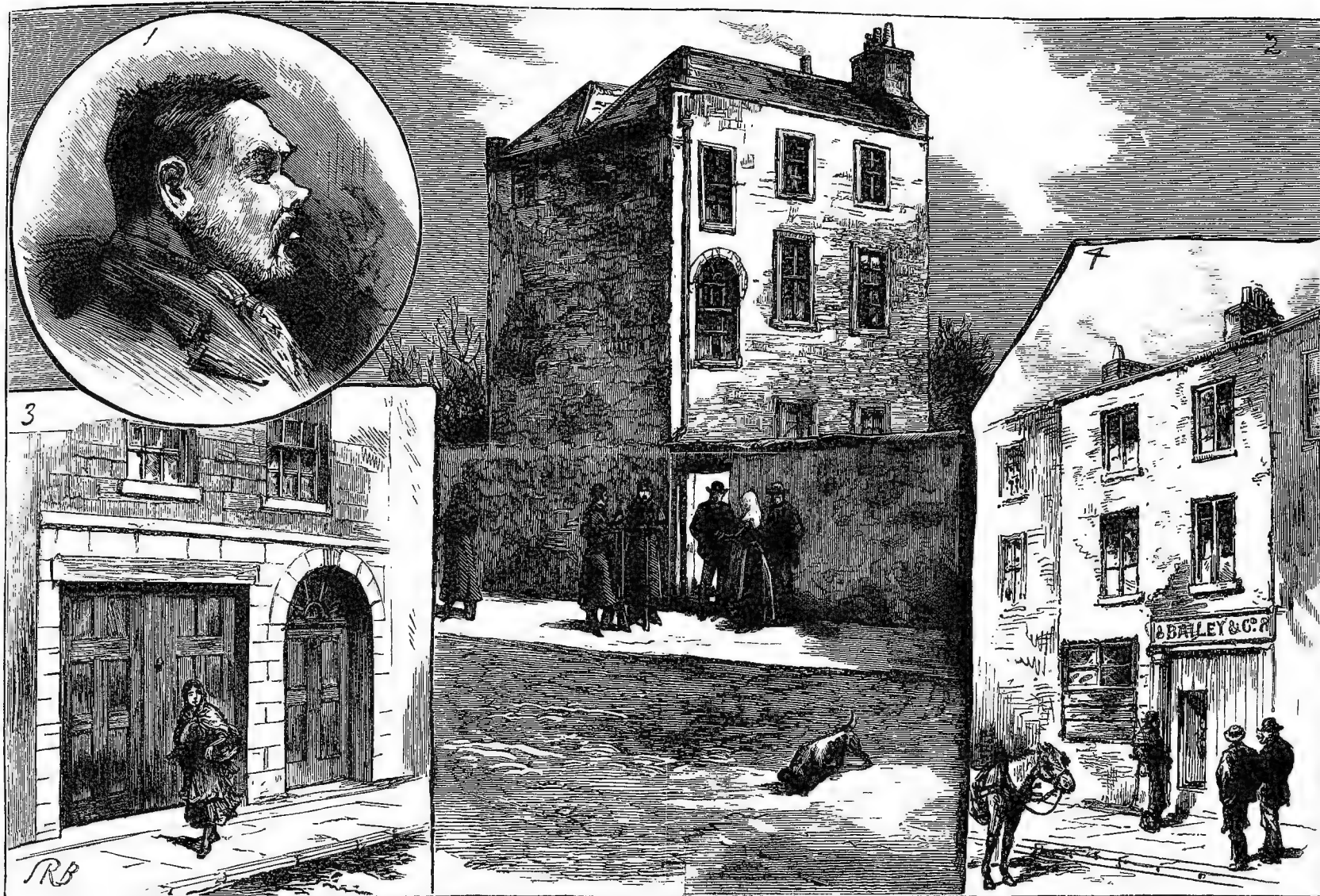
FREDERICK FERDINAND ADOLPHUS VON FLOTOW,
MUSICAL COMPOSER
Born April 27, 1812; Died Jan. 24, 1883



C. T. DYKE ACLAND, ESQ., M.P.
Mover of the Address to the Throne in the House of Commons

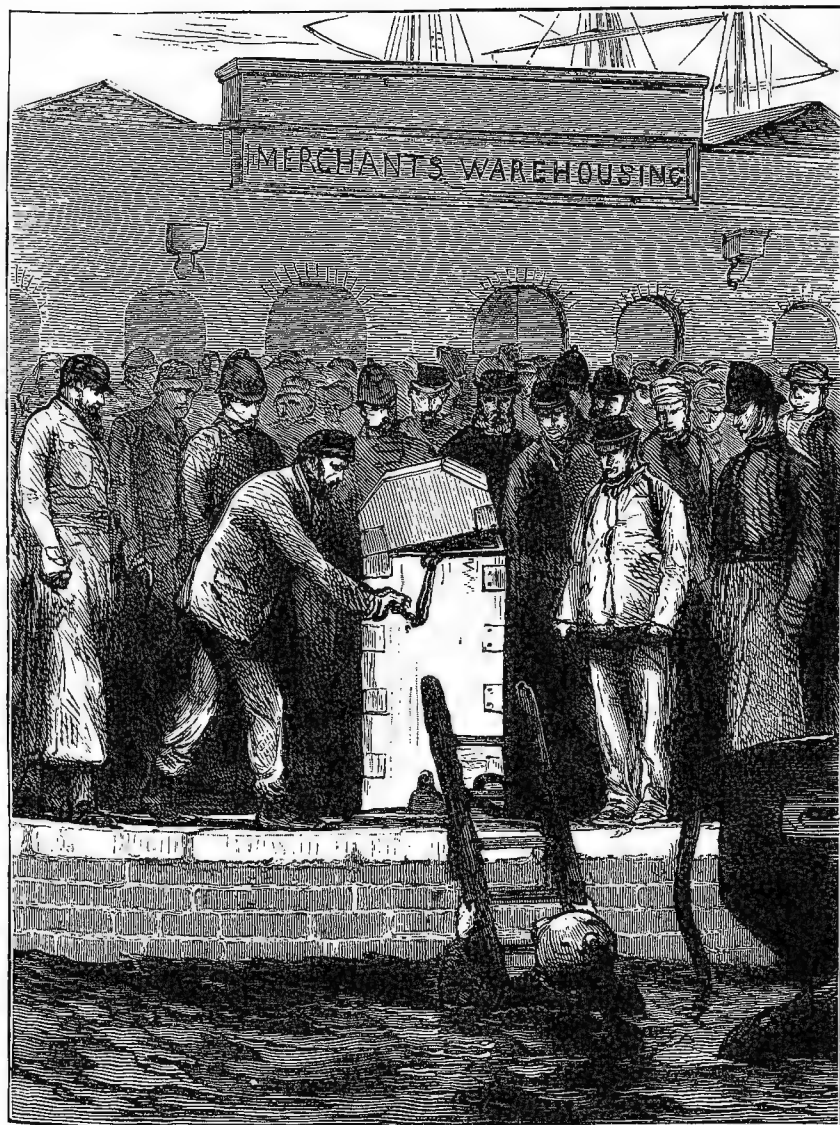


1. Monday : Saving the Crew with a "Breeches Buoy."—2. Tuesday : Saving the Cargo.—3. Friday Morning : Collapse.
THE RECENT DISASTROUS GALES—THE WRECK OF THE IRON SAILING SHIP "PLASSEY" OFF SANDGATE

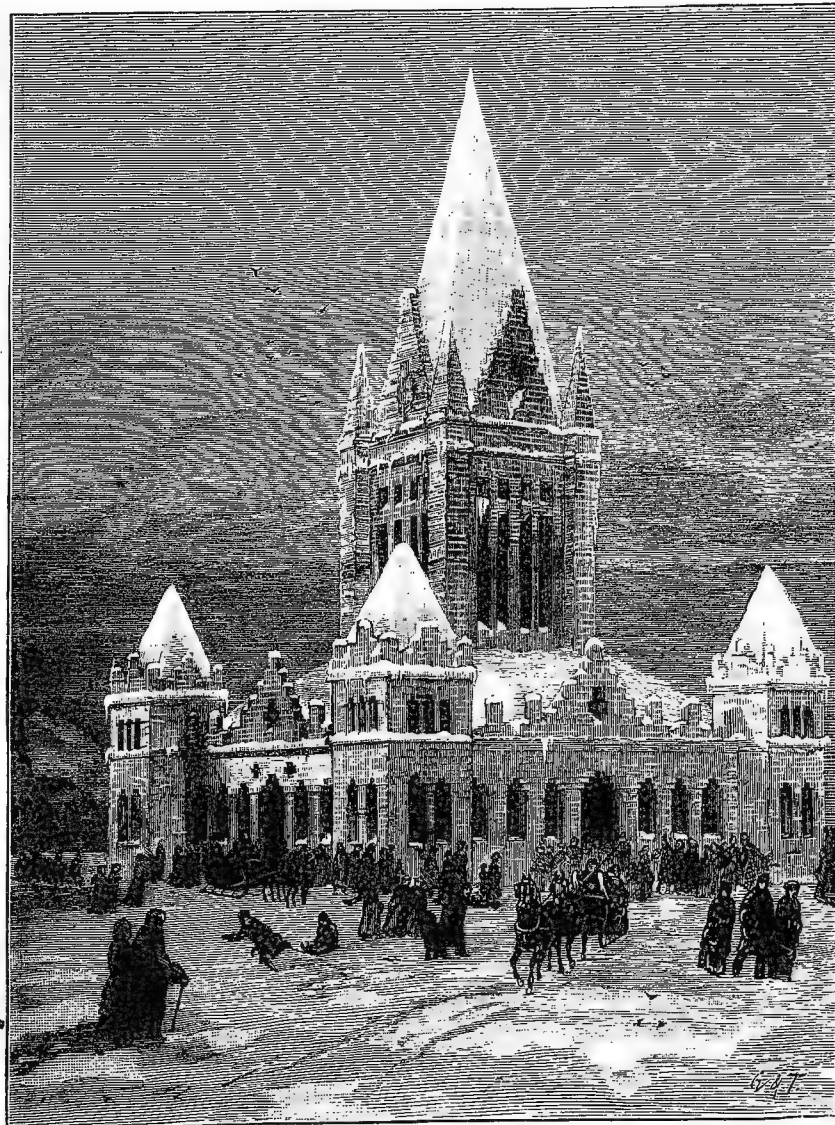


1. James Fitzharris ("Skin the Goat"), Who Drove the Cab on the Day of the Phoenix Park Murders.—2. The House at Richmond where the Informers are Kept under Police Protection.—3. No. 5, Cross Kevin Street, the House in which the Conspirators had their Arms and Ammunition Stored, for Giving Information About Which Bailey was Shot in Skipper's Alley.—4. No. 8, Brabazon Street, the House where Bailey Lived.

THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN



THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN—DIVERS SEARCHING THE RING'S END BASIN WHERE KAVANAGH STATES HE THREW THE KNIVES USED IN THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. DENIS FIELD



WINTER IN CANADA—THE ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL



THE TURF.—At Four Oaks Park (Birmingham), under very painful meteorological conditions, obstacle negotiating has been pursued. The Rake beat eight others in the Open Steeple Chase Plate, Botanist took the Selling Steeple Chase Plate, and Iodine II. in a field of thirteen easily secured the Maiden Hunters' Steeple Chase. Old Woodcock ran second to The Star in the Selling Hurdle Race Plate on the first day, but took the Open Hurdle Plate on the second; while another "aged" in the shape of Kidotto, started first favourite in a field of ten for the Four Oaks National Handicap Hurdle Plate, and won it.—Lord Rosebery has been unfortunate enough to lose his brood mare Cipolata, after foaling twin colts. She was a first class animal, and ran second to Robert the Devil both in the St. Leger and Cesarewitch of 1880.—Macheath still continues first favourite for the Two Thousand, and is in improved demand for the Derby.

COURSING.—At Plumpton the Produce Stakes were divided between Prince Albert, Princess Mary, and Haste Away; the All-Aged between Hazy Morn and Edwina Balle; and the Puppy Stakes between Calix and Mutineer.—For the Waterloo Cup, to be decided next week, the nominations of Mr. Deighton, Mr. Part, and Mr. Stone are most in favour, but there has been comparatively little wagering on it.

FOOTBALL.—The Association Cup contest is gradually drawing within narrow limits. The Druids (holders of the Welsh Cup) have beaten Eagly, and seem likely to make a bold bid for ultimate victory; and Notts County has defeated Sheffield Wednesday.—In a Rugby game on the new Blackheath ground, Oxford has just won a victory over Cambridge by a "try" to nothing.

CRICKET.—It is rather a blow to our rejoicings at the success of the Hon. Ivo Bligh's Eleven in Australia to find that it is necessary to make a serious deduction from it in the shape of the telegraphed victory over Murdoch's Eleven at Melbourne at the beginning of January. The wire, through some error, gave us a win for the Englishmen by nine wickets; but it now appears that the result was just the other way, and the nine wickets' victory is to be credited to the Antipodeans.—The latest telegram informs us that at Maryborough the English team has beaten the local Eighteen in a single innings.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Considerable interest was felt in the Fifty Miles Walking Championship contested last Monday between John Hibberd and Arthur Hancock. But the result was rather disappointing, as Hibberd dashed away with the lead, and was never caught. He accomplished fifteen miles in 2 hours 50 sec., and when seventeen were traversed Hancock, who was a mile behind, retired.

BILLIARDS.—The match at St. James's Hall of 3,000 "up" between William Cook (Champion) and William Mitchell for 500l. a side, drew together a large number of spectators, and will long be remembered for Mitchell's wonderful play. On the first evening, mainly by "spot" strokes, he made an incomplete break of 733, and on the next evening raised it to 739 (55 and 189 spots), the largest break ever recorded in a match of such importance. Mitchell eventually went out a winner by 1,639 points. The table was by no means easy, though an ordinary one. A match between the winner and Roberts, jun., is not unlikely to come off shortly.

ANGLING.—Most favourable reports continue to come to hand of the salmon fishing northwards. Splendid sport has been had on Loch Tay, seventeen fish, of which one weighed 35 lbs., having been taken on one day by the rods of one party alone.

LACROSSE.—At Walthamstow, on Saturday last, a very even match was partly played between The Leys (Cambridge) and Clapton, but owing to the weather it was not played out. When it was given up at "half-time" neither side had scored.



A NEW romantic drama, entitled *My Darling*, performed, for the first time in London, at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, recalls, not less by its title than by the most prominent feature of its story, Mr. Byron's domestic drama, called *Uncle Dick's Darling*, in which Mr. Toole, Mr. Irving, and Miss Neilson were, some ten or twelve years ago, playing on the same stage, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Hollingshead's patrons. Its leading character is an old circus performer, who has devoted his savings to the education of a favourite daughter, rearing her in the belief that she belongs to a superior station. Reverses having overtaken him, the mystery can no longer be maintained, and old Samson is not only compelled to tell his daughter the truth, but to urge her to take a part in his circus performances by way of assisting to eke out his income. The young lady, it must be confessed, is somewhat wanting in the overflowing generosity of stage heroines, for she describes her father's calling to his face as "fit only for the dregs of humanity," and elopes with a young gentleman at the very moment when the spectators in the circus are expecting her appearance. This heartless conduct has the curious effect of producing in the father sudden and total blindness, owing to which he is thenceforth compelled to get his living as an itinerant street musician. Ill fares it meantime with his daughter, whose husband, having been disinherited, or so at least a designing brother alleges, for his wickedness in marrying "beneath him," falls at once, after the imbecile fashion of heroes of domestic drama, into absolute destitution. There is no need to follow further this highly artificial resetting of old stage materials. Its author is Mr. Romaine Callender, a provincial actor, whose style, though forcible, and to a certain degree effective, is unhappily as artificial as his play. An effort is made to give an air of truthfulness to the scenes by introducing a circus clown, a ring-master, an "equestrienne," and other circus folk, who afford some amusement, though their dialogue is too technical for the comprehension of an audience not specially versed in the talk and habits of their class. Miss Myra Holme plays the part of the runaway daughter with as much success as it is capable of. Among the other performers Mr. Monkhouse, as the clown, who afterwards takes to music hall performances, and exchanges his old sobriquet of "Funny Yorick" for that of "the Great Bounce," deserves a mention by virtue of some touches of genuine humour. *My Darling* has, we believe, been already performed in the country under the title of *Light*. It is not easy to see what good purpose is performed by bringing it to town for a single performance on a Tuesday afternoon.

The management of the Savoy Theatre have set an excellent fashion, and have had the satisfaction of seeing their example promptly followed. Numerous invitations were issued by them a few days ago to a morning performance of *Jolanthe*, to be given on Thursday in the present week for the special entertainment of the dramatic profession. Only in this way can the bulk of performers in these busy days of night performances and frequent *matinées* hope

to see the latest novelties. Yet it is very desirable that actors and actresses should be enabled to study the best examples of what our stage is now doing. Next week the "profession" will be present in like manner, by invitation of Mr. Wilson Barrett, at a special morning performance of *The Silver King* at the PRINCESS'S Theatre.

The success of the reproduction of *The Silver King* at WALLACK'S Theatre in New York appears to have been almost unprecedented. The cast is a strong one, and the mounting of the play appears to have been especially meritorious. Already arrangements have been made for its performance in Boston; while two companies are stated to have been organised to represent the same piece in all the other principal towns of the United States. Over and above all this, versions are, it is stated, to be brought out in Paris and in Berlin.

The gratuitous entertainment given to upwards of four thousand of the poorest children in London at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre on Monday last was in some respects even more interesting than Mr. Harris's similar act of kindness the other day at DRURY LANE. Board School children, who for years have been denied this innocent pleasure by reason of some scruples on the part of the authorities, were for the first time permitted to be present. They seem, however, to have come only from one or two quarters of London. Some spectators interested in the occasion occupied private boxes which, having been paid for, a fund was thereby created for regaling the little ones with buns during the intervals between the acts of *The Yellow Dwarf*. The rain which fell heavily on the processions of little playgoers, both coming and returning, was the only drawback upon this eminently pleasing event.

The picture representing the magnificent church scene in *Much Ado About Nothing*, on which Mr. Forbes Robertson is engaged, is expected to be completed by the end of next month. An interesting circumstance is the fact that the actor himself, in the character of Claudius, is a prominent factor in the scene, which also comprises portraits of Mr. Irving, Miss E. Terry, and indeed of nearly all the members of the LYCEUM company.

It is stated by the writer of the Monday article on the theatres in the *Daily News* that the forthcoming Government London Municipal Reform Bill will provide for placing all the theatres of London and the suburbs under the control of the new municipality.

A little piece, called *The Man Opposite*, written by Mr. Howard Paul, is in preparation at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre, and will be played conjointly with Mr. Byron's new comedy, entitled *Open House*. Mr. Paul himself will appear in his own piece.

The GLOBE Theatre closes this evening, Mrs. Bernard-Beere's state of health having unfortunately compelled her to relinquish the management of that house.

We are glad to be able to announce that Miss Litton, after an illness of many months, during which her recovery was for a time almost despaired of, is now slowly but surely recovering.

Mr. John Hollingshead writes as follows:—"I am sorry to have to correct your dramatic critic on a matter of fact. The so-called 'Chinese Scene' was not painted for *Aladdin*, but for a comedy called *The Mighty Dollar*. It was never used in *Aladdin*. It was copied from a Japanese room in a well-known London club, and there are fifty such rooms in London."



THE FLOODS.—True to its proverbial character February has already filled the dykes, and English agriculturists had been happy if it had remained content with so doing. But the rain has kept on, and the streams have risen, and the lowlands of England have been the scene of many disastrous floods. To the north of London many miles of land in the valley of the Lea are submerged, and boats pass to and fro in the Hackney and Homerton marshes. Between Staines and Reading the Thames has overflowed its banks at several points, noticeably about Shiplake. The Colne between Staines and Wrapping has inundated some hundreds of acres, and most of the meadows around West Drayton are under water. Above Reading the Thames has inflicted most serious injury on the land. Pangbourne is again in the state out of which Mr. Keeley Halswelle is probably the only living being who ever made a profit. As to Oxford, its Slade Professor might stand on Magdalen Tower, and imagine himself in his well-beloved Venice. Miles of land are deep under water, and the feelings of farmers need no description as they are rowed round their holdings in water a fathom deep over pasture meadows and fields of autumn-sown wheat. The valleys of Somersetshire look like a sea, especially around Langport, through the streets of which rafts are floating. There have not been such floods in England since January, 1876—in some districts not since 1852.

SNOW IN THE NORTH has fallen heavily, and snowblocks have occurred on the Highland Railway. The winds have been very fierce and strong, and have caused deep drifts between Perth and Inverness. Two trains have been blocked by snowdrifts near Dalwhinnie. The length of the snow wreaths was such that twelve hours' work on Saturday was needed before the trains could run on. The wilder parts of the Highlands are now almost inaccessible, and the winter there is very severe.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—On the 15th inst. an important Order of the Privy Council came into force. It lasts till the 15th of March, and forbids any public or private sale of an animal or animals, fat or store, except as expressly authorised by the order. When a license has been granted for a sale, all animals exposed at the place shall be marked, and all must be slaughtered within six days after the day of sale. Sales without licence may be held on a farmer's premises in non-infected districts, but only where every animal so sold has been on the farmer's premises for a clear fortnight before the sale.

ENGLISH CORN is not fetching a price calculated to inspire the farmer. English wheat keeps just over forty shillings, against forty-six shillings a year ago. It is very doubtful if such a price meets the cost of production. Barley makes rather under thirty-three shillings, and this quotation is a decided disappointment. Oats are worth a guinea a quarter. This may be considered a fair price, considering the large yield. Deliveries of English wheat are rather heavy, the agricultural interest evidently having little of that confidence in higher prices which appears just now to animate the speculative and importing interests. Of barley likewise, the market offerings exceed the average, and the manner in which grass is pressed on sale suggests that farmers are in need of money. Oats are also in exceptionally heavy supply.

POULTRY KEEPING.—The following is last year's account for fifty fowls—Dorkings and Brahmas:—Eggs sold at 1d. each: 5,970, 24l. 17s. 6d. Chickens sold at 2s. 6d. each: 84, 10l. 10s. 0d. Seven old hens killed for soup at 1s. 6d. each, 10s. 6d. Total, 35l. 18s. 0d. Food and keep, 22l. 7s. 0d. Profit, 13l. 11s. 0d., besides which about three dozen ducks were kept, and the above food allowances sufficed for them as well as for the fowls.

VISCOUNT HARDINGE ON AGRICULTURE.—Speaking at Chiddingstone, in the Weald of Kent, last week, Lord Hardinge said that while the Hares and Rabbits Bill was a very good Bill,

and the Royal Commission's recommendation to make the Agricultural Holdings Act compulsory was a very good recommendation, yet he should be sorry to see interference with freedom of contract carried further. Legislative intervention generally meant getting into the hands of the lawyers, a fate which he hoped farmers might be spared. A thorough revolution in the land laws he strongly opposed. It meant a complete subdivision of landed property, and a system of peasant proprietorship under which the rural population would be enormously increased, and workhouses would not be big enough to hold the number of paupers that would be created. Complaints about the restrictions of the law of entail were easily to be answered for. In the first place disentailing was now an easy process, and in the second Lord Cairns' Act amply provides for landlords wishing to improve their estates. This statute allows a landlord who cannot do justice to his property as he finds it to sell a portion of the estate in order to devote the money to the improvement of the remainder.

CORN AND WAGES.—A correspondent writes:—"If there was a duty on wheat of five shillings it would not raise the cost of food for a man, wife, and four children, more than thirty shillings a year. Farmers, however, could well pay sixpence a day (three shillings a week) more wages when making a fair profit on their wheat. Thus the labourers would get 140 shillings at an outlay of thirty shillings, and the terrible Corn Tax when looked upon in a right light would be a blessing. Besides which, Free Trade is fast driving us into a famine already; through imported disease our flocks and herds have been awfully reduced. The population of America is increasing by numbers flocking in from all parts." The views of our correspondent are somewhat ill-digested, but it is almost certain that the question of our absolute dependence on foreigners for our food supply will have in the future to be very seriously gone into. Hume said he should not care if England ceased to grow a blade of wheat, but fifty years have not secured acceptance for this view.

GOOD MILK FROM THE COUNTRY is a thing which Londoners both need and appreciate. We therefore hope that something practical will come of the important agricultural meeting held at the Salisbury Hotel, when it was resolved "That a united organisation on the part of dairy farmers and milk producers is urgently necessary to protect their interests generally, and to ensure a more remunerative return on their capital by co-operation with respectable milk sellers, and other protective measures." The intention of this resolution is as laudable as the phraseology is indifferent.



THE MUCH-TALKED-OF MEMORIAL, drawn up by a Committee of the Senior and Junior Bar practising in the Chancery Division, on the subject of desirable improvements in the New Courts, was presented to the Lord Chancellor on Saturday, having previously received the signatures of all the Q.C.'s and a large number of the juniors. The chief recommendations are the substitution of narrow tables and continuous seats for the present separate seats and sloping desks, and of curtains instead of the heavy inner doors; the provision of better means of communication between counsel and those instructing them; and the alteration of the backs of the Courts, to allow persons to pass to the other side without going into the corridor.

THE REV. J. H. TIMINS, Vicar of West Malling, has been committed for trial at the next assizes on a charge of manslaughter in having caused the death of Sarah Ann Wright, a girl of sixteen, by administering to her oil of almonds, which was really oil of bitter almonds, and should only have been applied externally. Medical evidence concurred in stating that death had been caused from poisoning by prussic acid, and the chemist who supplied the oil declared he had warned Mr. Timins that it was highly dangerous. Mr. Timins had possessed at one time considerable medical knowledge, having been a fellow student thirty-five years ago with Dr. Bristowe, now Senior Physician at St. Thomas's, and had apparently been in the habit of prescribing for the ailments of his poorer parishioners.

JUDGMENT FOR THE PLAINTIFFS, after a three days' trial, has been given by the Judge of the Admiralty Court in the suit of the Inman Steamship Company v. the owners of the *Kirby Hall*, to recover damages for the loss of their steamer *City of Brussels* in the recent collision in the Mersey. The Judge held that if those on board a vessel hear the whistle of a steamer in a fog they should at once stop their engines.

A CURIOUS PEEP INTO THE INTERIOR OF A SUBURBAN UNION was afforded last week at Croydon Petty Sessions, when William Rush, a pauper with one foot, was charged with assaulting another inmate of Croydon Workhouse, William Turner. Rush, who appears from his antecedents, to be a quarrelsome fellow, had attacked Turner without any provocation, the sixteen or seventeen other occupants of the vagrant ward looking calmly on. There was no one in charge of the room, though an officer is supposed to walk round every day; fighting, according to Rush, was never interfered with; and men could play cards and gamble as much as they liked. The pugnacious cripple was sentenced to a month's hard labour. During a previous trial of five casuals at the same Sessions for insubordination it was stated that tramps were compelled to lie in bed all Sunday by the simple process of taking away their clothes, but this has since been shown to be an exaggeration—they can have their clothes or remain in bed according to their will. All this makes Croydon popular with casuals, and some have returned to it eighteen times within two months.

THE INQUEST on the body of the girl left in a box at a receiving office in the Cambridge Heath Road has ended unsatisfactorily. Death, it appears, was caused by privation, accelerated by a dose of morphia, but whether the child was unable to take food, or food had been withheld from her, the *post-mortem* did not clearly show. A Mrs. Green, the wife of a carman, gave evidence as to the appearance of two men whom she had seen in Limehouse carrying a box, on the evening of Dec. 11th, and had twice encountered there since. The men, when she again met them, appeared to recognise her, and "turned white."

A MAN NAMED MAYES AND HIS WIFE are now in custody at Wellington, Shropshire, for the suspected murder of two children of the former by a previous marriage—suspicion having been first aroused by the discovery of the head of a girl in a pond in the grounds of Apley Castle. Two legs have since been found in the pond, though it is doubtful if they belong to the same body as the head; they have also been in the water a shorter time. The two stepchildren, a girl and a boy, have been missing for some time, and the parents, who have been more than once summoned for ill-using them, gave out that they were with friends in Shrewsbury.

THE LAW AND CITY COURTS COMMITTEE have agreed to recommend the Corporation of London to apply for an Order in Council to remove the London Sittings from Guildhall to the New Courts.

ON SUNDAY LAST Vice-Chancellor Sir J. Bacon completed his eighty-fifth year, having been born February 11, 1798. He was called to the Bar in 1827, and appointed Vice-Chancellor in 1870.

HOUSE SANITATION.

"THE BEST SECURITY FOR CIVILIZATION IS THE DWELLING."—Beaconsfield.

DR. PLAYFAIR, after carefully considering the question, is of opinion that the total pecuniary loss inflicted on the County of Lancashire from preventable disease, sickness, and death, amounts to not less than FIVE MILLIONS STERLING ANNUALLY. But this is only physical and pecuniary loss, THE MORAL LOSS IS INFINITELY GREATER.—Smiles.

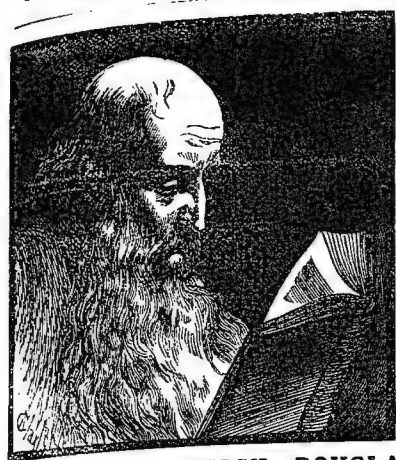
TYPHOID AND DIPHThERIA, BLOOD POISONS, HOUSE SANITATION.—It is no exaggeration to state that not one quarter of the dwellings of all classes, high or low, rich or poor, are free from dangers to health due to defects with respect to drainage, &c., &c. These original defects will inevitably entail a loss of health and energy to the occupants of the houses, and this may go on for years, working insidiously, but with deadly effect. It is painful to know that, after all that has been done of late years in the way of sanitary improvements, persons still die almost daily, POISONED by the DRAINS that should save life and not destroy it.—SANITARY CONGRESS, Sept., 1882.

PREVENTIBLE DEATH.—Why should Typhoid and Diphtheria, those twin and vile slayers of millions of the human race, not be as much and more hunted up, and their career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases. How is it they are

allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who is to blame?

FOR THE MEANS OF PREVENTING PREMATURE DEATH FROM DISEASE.—read a large Illustrated Sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The information is invaluable. The Fruit Salt (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled, and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, nor a travelling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it. I used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE—GOOD FOOD.—How to enjoy Good Food, that would otherwise cause bilious headache, disordered stomach, poisoned blood, &c.—use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, prepared from sound ripe Fruit, as a Health-giving, Cooling, Sparkling, and Invigorating Beverage for any season. It is the best Preventive and Cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Fevers, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of Errors of Eating and Drinking.



A RUNAWAY KNOCK.—DOUGLAS JERROLD, describing a very dangerous illness from which his daughter had just recovered, said, "Ah, sir, it was a runaway knock at Death's door, I can assure you." How to prevent premature death from disease by natural means—use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is the best known remedy; it removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood, allays nervous excitement and depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. Directions in Sixteen Languages how to Prevent Disease. Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

With To-day's Issue of "THE PICTORIAL WORLD," a Series of Political Coloured Portraits is commenced, the Subject being

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE,

Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons and M.P. for North Devon. The intention is to alternate a Liberal and Conservative Member each week, and to accompany each Portrait with a page of Illustrations, with letterpress descriptive of the Constituency to which the Member belongs. Where it is possible, Views of their Country Seats will be given. Subjoined a list of Portraits is shown. As an enormous sale is expected for this Series, and as there will be no reprints, intending Subscribers should order at once. The Portrait of

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE,

published Oct. 21, 1882, forms No. 1 of the Political Series; some few copies of this issue can still be had, post free, 6½d.

The following is the order in which the POLITICAL COLOURED PORTRAITS will appear in

THE PICTORIAL WORLD:

FEB. 17	SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Bt.	MAY 19	EARL SELBORNE.
" 24	EARL OF GRANVILLE.	" 26	RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH.
MARCH 3	MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.	JUNE 2	RIGHT HON. HUGH CHILDERS.
" 10	MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.	" 9	SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, Bt.
" 17	Duke of Richmond.	" 16	EARL OF KIMBERLEY.
" 24	EARL SPENCER.	" 23	VISCOUNT SANDON.
" 31	Duke of Northumberland.	" 30	SIR CHARLES DILKE, Bt.
APRIL 7	EARL OF DERBY.	JULY 7	LORD CRANBROOK.
" 14	SIR RICHARD CROSS.	" 14	RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN.
" 21	SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.	" 21	COLONEL HON. F. STANLEY.
" 28	EARL OF CHICHESTER.	" 28	RIGHT HON. J. G. DODSON.
MAY 5	LORD NORTHBROOK.	AUG. 4	LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.
" 12	LORD JOHN MANNERS.	" 11	LORD CARLINGFORD.

* * * This List is given Provisionally.

OFFICES: 149, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

AWN TENNIS GROUNDS,

Cricket Grounds, Pleasure Grounds, Terraces, Carriage Drives, Lakes, Ponds, &c.—Mr. THOMAS HAWKES, 3, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C., has for many years carried out Contracts for the above description of work for numerous Noblemen and Gentlemen, and will undertake to execute work by CONTRACT or otherwise. Surveys and plans made. No charge for Estimates. Will be pleased to advise as to sites, &c.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, and the only known preventive of dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and at a cost, owing to the late important reduction of duty, which brings it within the reach of nearly all classes. Sole Consignee for the United Kingdom and the Colonies, W. DOYLE, 2, New London Street, E.C.

MORTLOCK'S, of Oxford Street, have the largest stock and best assortment of DINNER and LUNCHEON SETS in London. Prices from 21s. Many special designs in the Tournai, Dresden, and Oriental characters. Sole Address: OXFORD STREET and ORCHARD STREET, W.



THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN, IN BLACK AND ALL NEW WINTER SHADES,

These Celebrated Velveteens are recommended this season in preference to those usually sold.

They have a more velvety appearance, and the name "Louis" being stamped on the back of every yard is a guarantee of wear.

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Have secured a beautiful assortment in black and all colours, which are supplied at most moderate prices at

122, 124, 126, 128, 130, and 132, Oxford Street; and 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, Wells Street, London.

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OCCUPATION for leisure time in town or country. Either sex.—Persons with a taste for art who would like to make use of their spare time profitably should apply to Mr. Charles Neville, 45, Waterloo Street, Hove, Brighton.

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EAU LODOIS arrests the falling off of the Hair, and where the Roots are not decayed, will, in conjunction with the Pomade Trichophile, promote the growth of NEW HAIR.

EAU LODOIS STRENGTHENS THE HAIR, AND THUS PRESERVES ITS NATURAL COLOUR. EFFICACY INCREASED. PRICE REDUCED. To be obtained of any Chemist.

EAU LODOIS, 6s. per Bottle; four Small, or one Large, 21s. POMADE TRICHOPILE, No. 1, 5s.; No. 2, 6s. per Bottle.

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ONLY LONDON ADDRESS: 56, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

Pamphlets sent free on application.

The Subscription will open on SATURDAY, the 17th February, and close on or before THURSDAY, the 22nd February.

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SWANSEA, BIRMINGHAM, and NORWICH. Capital, £300,000, in 30,000 Shares of £10 each, viz.:—20,000 A Shares entitled to Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Dividend, on the Capital for the time being paid up.

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In case the net profits for any five consecutive years shall amount to 40 per cent., or an average of 8 per cent. per annum on the total paid-up Capital on both A and B Shares, the B Shares will be converted into A Shares.

The A Shares are now offered for Subscription, payment for which is to be made as follows:—

Ten Shillings per Share on Application; £1 10s. per Share on Allotment; £2 in Two Months; £3 in Four Months; and £4 in Six Months; the remainder as and when required.

Subscribers will have the option of paying up the full amount of £10 per Share, and interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be allowed on all sums prepaid.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to take over Sir H. HUSSEY VIVIAN, Bart., M.P., the extensive Nickel and Cobalt Works at Swansea, and the German Silver and Brass Rolling Mills, Tube and Wire Mills at Birmingham, and also the Nickel Plating Works and Warehouses at that place with the well-known business carried on thereat respectively, together with the Nickel Mine and Smelting Works at Senjen, in Norway, worked in connection therewith. The business at Swansea was established by Sir H. HUSSEY VIVIAN upwards of twenty-seven years ago, and that at Birmingham was added in 1860, and has been from time to time extended. The Nickel Mine in Norway was acquired in the year 1872 for the purpose of ensuring a constant supply of Nickel ore without payment of intermediate profit. All the businesses have from the first been under the personal supervision of Sir H. HUSSEY VIVIAN, who will continue to give the benefit of his general superintendence. Mr. R. W. LINDSAY, who has been the resident partner at Birmingham, will, as Managing Director at Birmingham, conduct the operations at that place, as heretofore. Mr. A. S. MERRY, who has hitherto managed the Swansea Works, will continue to reside at Swansea, and as Managing Director there give all his time to the business.

The three undertakings, which have from the first been closely connected, practically form one business, which is in the advantageous position of possessing its own Nickel-ore Mine, its own Smelting and Refining Works, which are probably the largest of the kind in the world—and its own Mill for working-up the Nickel into the various forms of German Silver known to the trade, as well as in Blanks for Coinage purposes.

TERMS OF PURCHASE.

Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN has signed a provisional Agreement with the Company, by which he contracts to sell as going concerns the various Works and Properties, together with the stocks and stores as at 31st July, 1882, and including goodwill, for £300,000. The purchase-money is payable—£100,000 in cash, in four instalments, at one, four, six, and nine months from the date of the contract, with interest at the rate of Five per Cent. per annum from 31st July, 1882, on all unpaid instalments, and £100,000 in fully paid-up B Shares.

A dividend will be paid on the B Shares until the cumulative Six per Cent. Dividend has been paid out of profits to the holders of the A Shares.

The average net profits of the three concerns for the last ten years, and of the Nickel plating during the four years of its existence, are equal to nearly fourteen per cent. per annum on the estimated amount of Capital required to be called up on the A Shares.

The demand for the Nickel produced by these Works is steadily increasing, and any advance in the price of Nickel—which, like other metals, has been for some years abnormally low—will add largely to the profits of the Company.

The Sale is to take effect as from 31st July, 1882, and the Company will be entitled to all profits from that date.

If no Allotment is made the Deposit will be returned without deduction, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment.

Copies of the Agreements and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be seen at the Offices of Messrs. HOLLAM, SONS, and COWARD, Solicitors, Mincing Lane, E.C., and of Messrs.

CHADWICKS, COLLIER, and CO., 2, Moorgate Street, E.C., and at the Offices of the Company.

Applications for Shares must be made on the accompanying Form to the Bankers of the Company, to whom the Deposit is to be paid. Copies of the full Prospectus and Forms of Applications for Shares may be obtained by intending Subscribers from the Secretary of the Company, No. 2, Moorgate Street, E.C.

2, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., 15th February, 1883.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

CORK EXHIBITION, 1883. It is intended to hold an EXHIBITION of MANUFACTURES, ARTS, PRODUCTS, and INDUSTRIES in the CITY of CORK, and to open it in the first week of July. It will remain open for from two to three months. Applications for space should be sent, addressed to L. A. BEAMISH, Hon. Secretary, Exhibition Buildings, Cork, before 1st of March, but FINE ART applications will be received until March 15th.

Forms of Application for space may be obtained from the Hon. SECRETARY, at the above address, who will also gladly receive and acknowledge donations to the EXHIBITION FUNDS.



"SPINAROSA" is a flower that has grown unnoticed for many years in Guatemala, and has the choicest and most delicate perfume ever distilled. Sold in its concentrated form at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle, by NAPOLEON PRICE and CO., 27, Old Bond Street, W., and 8, Cumming Street, Pentonville, N.

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whitens the teeth, prevents decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath.

MACASSAR OIL preserves and beautifies the hair, and can be also had in a golden colour. Sizes 3/6; 7/6; 10/6.

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FOR ARMS and CREST send Name and County to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Offices, 33, High Holborn, W.C. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, and Diplomas. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

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2½ GUINEAS.

DRESS DURING LENT.

BLACK LENTEN COSTUMES.

MESSRS. JAY have suitable

DRESSES made-up for the Season of Lent, of good all-wool fabrics, at 2½ guineas each, including sufficient quantity of material to make the bodice. Sketches on application forwarded gratis.

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DRAWN BY SYDNEY HALL

Her face changed suddenly, and lost its smooth serenity. She thrust her hands out with the action of putting something away. "Don't call me that," she exclaimed. "Don't use that name. No one has called me by it since I lost my sister."

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

CHAPTER XIII.

ALTHOUGH the antechamber was but faintly illuminated by one oil lamp suspended from the ceiling, Nina instantly recognised him. "You, Signor Principe!" she exclaimed in her quiet, matter-of-fact tones, "I am shocked to give you this trouble." And as he held the door open for her to pass, she entered the *salon* with a little graceful, self-possessed bend of the head. He was not so calm. His speech was more hurried than usual, and his manner slightly fluttered. He placed a chair for her, and closed the door, and drew the *portière* across it before he spoke. "I thought it best," he said, "to admit you myself. I sent my man out of the way. As you said 'ten minutes' private talk' I thought you might prefer—"

"Just as you think best. To me it is of no consequence whether all the lackeys of Casa Nasoni see me here or not. But from your point of view I dare say you are right. Thanks for waiting for me, and for your prompt answer. I shall not detain you long."

By this time the Prince had seated himself opposite to her, and was looking at her earnestly. "You find me much changed, of

course?" said he, uttering almost involuntarily the thought that was paramount in his mind.

"Not much changed since last week."

"Last week!"

"Yes; I think it was on Sunday that I saw you last. You were driving a pair of bay ponies in the *Borghese*."

"Ah! You saw me—? But I did not see you!"

"Naturally. I always drive in a closed *coupé*. And my liveries are not quite so remarkable or so well known as those of Casa Nasoni."

"Ah—then you have probably seen me at other times?"

"Frequently. At the theatre, on the Pincian, in various places."

"Fancy our living so near each other—you have been in Rome some time?"

"Several years."

"And we have never met!"

"Why should we have met? Neither of us wanted anything of the other."

The Prince shook his head deprecatingly. "Ah, you have not grown less severe," he said. "Indeed you are not changed at all."

I never saw any one with whom the years had dealt so gently. But it is true, of course, that you were very young when last we met."

"All that matters nothing now. We have not met in Rome because your world and my world are as the poles asunder; because my husband is an active and influential member of the party which most of all is detested by you and yours; because you would consider it almost equivalent to apostasy to take his hand; and because—to speak frankly—his friends would look on him as a renegade and a traitor if he took yours."

The Prince sat looking at her with a thoughtful face. "How your voice brings back the old times!" he said. "And you look so handsome, so tranquil, so free from care. I suppose he is good to you this—this Signor Guarini?"

"Yes; strangely enough he continues good to me, although I am good to him. But you probably won't quite comprehend the possibility of that."

"I don't deserve that," he answered. "I don't, indeed. I desire most heartily that you should be happy. And I always have desired it, Evelina."

Her face changed suddenly and lost its smooth serenity. She

thrust her hands out with the action of pushing something away. "Don't call me that," she exclaimed. "Don't use that name. No one has called me by it since I lost my sister."

"Lost! Is Marie dead?"

"She died six years ago. My only friend! The only being left whom I loved!"

Her voice was broken; her lips trembled. She seemed a different being from the bright, cool, *nouchalante* woman who had entered that room a few minutes ago.

"Were you with her?" asked Massimo in a low voice.

"With her? I? Her husband would not let her even see me if he could help it. But we met by stealth sometimes. And she wrote to me. She was alive, and she loved me. Then she fell ill, and I sent him imploring letters begging for news of her. They were never answered. At length, when the end was near, Baron von Hartstein wrote to me. Marie longed so greatly to see me that he took off his prohibition. I might go to her. The letter reached me in Paris. By the next train I set out and travelled night and day without stopping. It was a long journey. They were in North Germany at his country place. But I felt neither fatigue nor hunger nor thirst. I rushed into the house with only one thought: I should see Marie. Her husband met me at the threshold. She was dead!"

There was a profound silence. Nina's face was white but tearless; and it was drawn and puckered like that of a person in bodily pain. After a pause she went on. "I have not spoken of her since to any one. It is strange that I should have been led to speak of her now; for I came here to-day to serve some one whom I first took a liking to because she reminded me of Marie. You remember her wavy chestnut hair? And the dimple when she smiled? She was fair like our mother. Oh, my Marie!"

All at once she covered her face with her hands and sobbed. Massimo rose and stood leaning on the mantelpiece with his back to her, and his head bent down on his folded arms.

"Basta!" exclaimed Nina at length, resolutely drying her eyes. "It is past. The unexpected alone is sure to happen. I expected nothing less than to break down or shed a tear in this house. Not one word more of all this. You have done all you could do;—you have been silent. And I thank you, Max, for not trying to console me with vain commonplaces. Let us shake hands. There! Now I am the Signora Guarini and you are the Prince Nasoni. And I don't mean to waste your Excellency's time."

Massimo looked at her wistfully. But he said nothing, and merely bowed in acquiescence.

"First of all," said Nina in her former manner, but not yet quite in her former steady voice, "do you know any of the people who write in the *Messenger of Peace*?"

"No. Stay,—I think, by the way, that my son's old director, Don Silvestro, has something to do with it."

"Bene! That's one. Secondly, have you heard anything about a new Company for draining and reclaiming the district around Mattoccia?"

"Mattoccia? That's where I have some property."

"Ah?"

"Yes; if I am not mistaken, I own some marshes and thickets there. By heaven, it would be good news to hear of a Company that would take it off my hands. They should have it a bargain."

"The land is yours, then?"

"I believe so. It has not been mortgaged like the rest, because no one would lend five francs on it. It produces a plentiful crop of fever, and so far I as know, very little else."

"The land is yours, then, and not Don Francesco's?"

"Ciccio's? Not at all."

"It belonged, I heard, to his mother's family, the San Gemignanos?"

"Yes; but according to my marriage contract, it is mine. The San Gemignanos wanted a little estate that I had in the Romagna, which touched some land of theirs, and we made an exchange. It was not a good exchange for me. But I did not bargain. The lawyers managed it."

"A—a—a—h! Then it is absolutely yours, this bit of marsh and thicket?"

"Yes; if it were good arable land it would probably be mine no longer."

"Yours to sell, for instance?"

"Certainly."

"But—perhaps the Duke of Pontalto would not like you to sell the land?"

"And perhaps I don't care two straws whether the Duke of Pontalto would like it or not."

"Povero Ciccio! He has not the good fortune to please you."

"He has not the good taste to try."

"He probably looks on this land as part of his inheritance—"

"Inheritance! My son is a young man of very advanced views. His dear friends, the—gentlemen who came into Rome by the breach of Porta Pia, have abolished primogeniture among other valuable things. But I suppose my son would have applauded them still more heartily if they had abolished property altogether."

"Look here, Prince," said Nina after a brief pause. "I am going to tell you the exact truth. You know me well enough to believe that statement. Otherwise I find it more difficult to get the plain truth believed than anything else."

"I shall certainly believe whatever you do me the honour to tell me."

"Well, there is a Company about to be formed with the object of purchasing a large tract of land in the Pontine Marshes. The tract comprises nearly all the San Gemignano estate in those parts. As it is, it is worth almost nothing to you. The Company may make it worth a great deal. But they will not buy the land of you according to its prospective value."

"I should not part with it for nothing."

"For nothing! Of course not. But I mean it is best to set any extravagant expectations at rest. In order to make the land valuable, all kinds of Governmental assistance will be required. And that assistance will be given by the Government to people who are known to be its friends, and not its enemies. You count among the latter. Nothing you could do would avail to obtain the desired concessions."

Massimo had been listening attentively. He here interrupted her. "Perhaps so," he said. "But, on the other hand, if I don't choose to sell, I spoil their project."

"Not necessarily. There are such things as Parliamentary Acts of expropriation in the interests of the public weal."

"Rascals!" muttered the Prince under his breath. He wished not to be offensive to Nina, but the phrase "public weal" in connection with the "Government of Revolution" disgusted him extremely.

Nina proceeded without taking any heed of the exclamation: "Or at worst, the promoters of the scheme could abandon it for another, and your land would remain unsaleable for generations to come. Whereas if you sell now, you at least are sure of your money whether the Company sink or swim."

This prospect of ready money was a tempting bait to Prince Nasoni, and he admitted it frankly. "That sounds rather inviting," said he.

"It was supposed," continued Nina, "by some of our party,—by me amongst others,—that Mattoccia belonged to your son. Do you not think it possible that he supposes it does belong to him?"

"Eh? Well, I don't know. But now you suggest it, he may possibly suppose so. Unless, indeed, he has paid private visits to the family lawyer, and mastered the contents of my marriage

contract. At his age—or for the matter of that, at my age, I should never have conceived such an idea. But Ciccio does not resemble me."

"My impression is that he looks on the estate as his;—prospectively at all events. I recognise Don Francesco's hand in this article of the *Messenger of Peace*. At least indirectly. And you tell me that his former spiritual director writes in it." She handed him the newspaper slip, which he read.

"Yes," he said, returning it to her, "I think that is Don Silvestro's style. And you will forgive me for saying that I agree with every word of it."

Nina raised her eyebrows and half closed her eyes. "One sees their game, of course," said she coolly. "And has your son said no word to you on the subject?"

"Not a word. He ought to have done so. It was his duty to have done so."

"Well, our people would rather deal with you than with him."

"Immensely flattered! But I wonder why. I thought my son was on excellent terms with the Revolution and all that belongs to it."

"No; he is not. And he never will be. Our party don't trust Don Ciccio."

"That does great credit to 'the party's' discernment," observed Don Ciccio's papa, with impartial frankness.

"To the point, Prince. Will you sell your land at Mattoccia?"

"Must I answer at once?"

"If you please. No time like the present."

"How I recognise your old promptitude!"

"And how I remember your old procrastination!"

Nina had recovered her usual manner. The sharpness of her words was mitigated by the low, gentle tones of her voice, and by an indefinable arch movement of the mouth, which was not quite a smile, but which conveyed the suggestion of playfulness. She was, moreover, a very attractive-looking woman, dressed with perfect elegance. To the numerous body of persons who consider only the essential merits of every question, quite apart from extraneous or superficial circumstances, it may appear incredible that Prince Massimo Nasoni should have thought any the better of the notion of selling his land because it was suggested to him by a black-haired, bright-eyed woman in a Paris bonnet and exquisitely gloved. But such was the fact. He would, to do him justice, have desired to serve Nina Laszinska had she appeared before him shabby, and faded, and grey-haired. But he certainly would not have been disposed in that case to think her opinion of so much value, or to listen to her with the same attention. The Prince was evidently a very singularly constituted man.

"I should not be indisposed to sell," said he at length, rather slowly.

"Good! I am not now empowered to make an offer, but it is well to know that an offer would at least be entertained."

Massimo looked at her curiously. "What a woman of business you have grown, M—Madame Guarini!" he said. "Where did you learn so much about affairs?"

"In a school where the instruction is obligatory—in the hard school of the world. The discipline is severe, but the teaching is remarkably thorough, especially in certain departments."

"Alas! it is very true."

"I do not think you have much experience of what I mean!"

"Pardon!" said he, with a little air of pique. "The world has taught me something, too."

"Ah! but you have been a privileged pupil, Prince Massimiliano Nasoni, with a private apartment, and all sorts of fine things. I was on the foundation—rather a granite sort of foundation—where the terms are 'work or starve.'"

"Starve!" exclaimed the Prince, with a shocked, puzzled face.

"Oh, come, come, you exaggerate!" He did not quite follow her humour, nor distinguish how much of literal earnest there was in words.

"Not at all. Nay, that was not such a bad condition. For some scholars the terms are 'work and starve.' But to return, *à propos* of starving, to your property in the Pontine Marshes. You are willing to treat with the Company for the purchase of it?"

"Yes,—yes, to treat. Through my own *avvocato*, not the family lawyer."

"I see. Better so. And your *avvocato's* address?"

"I will send it—"

"No, no, Prince; better give it me at once. It will save time. Be so very kind as to write it in my note-book." She handed him a little book with silver clasps, and a silver pencil hanging to it. Massimo felt hurried off his feet, as it were, by her decision and force of will. He would fain have temporised and procrastinated. But the same indolence of temperament which led him mostly to put off a decision caused him sometimes to take one rashly, rather than struggle or hold back against pressure.

"There it is. You are as irresistible as of old," he said, returning the book with his most graceful bow.

"Just as irresistible as ever, neither more nor less! No man has ever been able to deny me when I urged him to do what he liked."

"You allow one not even the poor merit of wishing to please you!"

"Yes, yes, I do; I am not too stupid to see that, believe me!" she answered, with a half-sad smile, which left her eyes melancholy, and softened all the expression of her face. Then, almost instantly resuming her hard, bright look, she added, "You agree that for the present it will be best to keep these negotiations secret?"

"By all means. Let the *fait accompli* fall like a thunderbolt from a clear sky—if, that is to say, the fact ever gets accomplished!"

"Don Ciccio will consider himself badly used, I foresee. But perhaps that does not much matter."

"To me, not at all. He has behaved ill in giving me no hint of what was in progress. It is clear he knew something of it."

"Our people will have no compunction about keeping him in the dark. He has been trying to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds; babbling to Don Silvestro, and those people of the *Messenger of Peace*."

Prince Massimo felt an odd movement of annoyance at hearing his son thus claimed, as it were, by the party whom Nina spoke of as "our people"—an annoyance quite disconnected from any fatherly sentiments towards Ciccio. "The whole position is incomprehensible to me," said the Prince, with his head more haughtily thrown back than usual. "That my son, a young man bearing the name he does, should have publicly allied himself with declared enemies to his Church and his Sovereign—"

"Oh, he will come back to the fold," interrupted Nina, composedly. "Ciccio is not brilliant, but I have always said that he has a certain perception of his own interests, which is often better than more shining qualities. People underrate him rather. He is slow, but retentive; and I am convinced that he never forgives. Oh, he is sure to come back to the fold. You will see. And now, Prince, I will detain you no longer; and I thank you for receiving me."

She rose as she spoke, and drew her velvet mantle round her shoulders.

"Thank me! Oh, Nina, why use such words of course between us?"

He had risen when she rose, and now stood between her and the door, leaning his folded arms on the high back of a chair. "Must you go this moment?" he said, with a pleading look in his handsome dark eyes. "There are so many things I long to say to you!"

She pulled out a plain, massive, gold watch, somewhat larger than the toys usually carried by fine ladies, and looked at it.

Something in this cool, business-like action, and in her way of performing it, jarred unspeakably on Prince Massimo's nerves. "Can they be said within a quarter of an hour?" asked Massimo, still regarding her watch.

"I don't know. Perhaps not in a quarter of a year! Perhaps not at all!" he answered, with sudden petulance. She looked up surprised. "I said you were not changed," he went on. "But you are changed. There is the handsome mask of the Nina of old days, and the keen brain behind it; but the heart is gone!"

She stood gazing at him with dilated eyes. He did not return her gaze, but began to walk up and down the room in an agitated manner, and to speak in short, broken sentences.

"Why should you be so hard and cold to me? I would do anything to serve you—anything! If you have suffered, so have I. There are moments when I would give anything to cancel the past. And yet there are also moments when I would give anything to live it over again, with all its troubles, and fevers, and sorrows. There has been no time so good since." He flung himself on to a couch and hid his face.

Nina stood looking at him.

She had once loved this man, and believed in him; but now for many years she had ceased to do either. And Nina was not a woman to lull her own reason to sleep with romantic falsehoods, half recognised as false, yet fondly listened to because they were sweet-sounding. She saw Massimo Nasoni nearly as he was. And where her judgment of him erred, it was on the side of severity, not indulgence. She hid strong resentments, fiery pride, and scornfulness under her *insouciant* manner. She was by nature intolerant of weakness. She would help it—had often helped it; but in her heart she despised it; and Massimo's regrets and complaints touched no fibre of compassion in her.

All at once he looked up, and changed his tone, as if instinctively conscious of her want of sympathy. "I must beg you to forgive me," he said, rising. "We are not always able to command ourselves. You have enviable coolness."

"I told you, Prince, that my schooling had been harder than your schooling. You say you have suffered. That is the common lot. Not even a Prince Nasoni can be exempt from it. But what good can it do us now to recur to the past?"

"It would do me good to know that you had some lingering feeling of—of kindness for me. Your presence has touched many a chord that has been dead silent for years."

Nina struggled with herself. Her impulse was to pour out some of the lava flood of indignation accumulated through long years in her heart—to overwhelm with burning words this sleek, petted, perfumed fellow-creature, who had made her and those dear to her suffer in the days gone by, and whose lamentations over his own sufferings only stirred her contempt. "Self, self; he can feel for no one but himself!" she thought. But she had truly great self-command, and she was resolved not to baulk the success of her errand to that house by any childish outburst of temper. So she answered, with cool civility: "I do feel kindly towards you, Prince. Why not?"

But Nina, in her intense consciousness of her own past sufferings, and of the slighter nature of the man who had not suffered so much, because he could not, was a little unjust. Without sympathy there is no complete clairvoyance. Massimo's next words softened and humbled her.

"May I say one word more? Let me say it, for it is true! I have been deeply moved by what you have told me of Marie. Poor dear Marie! She was so sweet, and gentle, and loving! I hope she was happy in her marriage. She deserved to be happy. She was better than we were, Nina."

They were soft eyes, full of tears, that she turned on him now, as she answered: "She was better than any one I ever knew! Yes; I think she was not unhappy. Her husband adored her. He was hard to me, and that pained her generous heart. But she had some years of happiness. She was fond of you, Max. I ought not to forget that. I will not forget it."

She held out both her hands, which he clasped, and they stood for a second or two so, looking at each other through a mist of tears.

Then, very suddenly and swiftly, she withdrew her hands, and went out of the room and out of the house with soft, soundless footsteps, and bowed head, like one who leaves the presence of the dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

MANY years ago Massimo Nasoni, then Duke of Pontalto, as his son was now, had met Evelina Laszinska in Vienna. She was already married to a man whom she did not love, and whom no one could respect. He was from Russian Poland—a false, greedy, lazy, dishonest man, who gambled and cheated, and talked patriotism and kept his skin out of danger. His wife, very young and strikingly handsome, was one of two Polish sisters of a noble family, whose father had spent half his life in exile in Paris, teaching languages or music, acting as amanuensis—living by what shifts he could. In his old age circumstances had opened to him the chance of earning a livelihood as musical librarian and copyist to a theatre in Vienna. Thither he had removed, and there he had died, leaving his elder daughter the wife of Casimir Laszinski. The younger girl, after her father's death, shared her sister's home. Laszinski's life was vile and despicable, and Laszinski's house was an ill home for youth and innocence. But it was a shelter, and Marie was grateful for it at first. When, in the course of a very short time, she perceived that her fate had led her amongst foul and miry ways, she stayed on for her sister's sake. Evelina was of a bolder, more fiery temperament than Marie. She rebelled against fate, and desperately clutched at happiness, let it come whence it might. It was not so much any fixed principle of right-doing as a certain personal pride and self-esteem which kept her from falling utterly into shame and infamy. Her husband neither protected nor controlled her. The companions by whom he was surrounded were, for the most part, social outlaws—men and women who lived on the folly, extravagance, and vice of their fellow-creatures; parasites of the kind that are bred and fostered in the luxury and wickedness of great cities.

But among those who frequented the Laszinskis' house were two men of a different stamp from the rest. One was Baron August von Hartstein, a country gentleman from the north of Germany; the other, Massimiliano, Duke of Pontalto, then a young man on a visit to his noble Austrian relatives, and taking his full share of the gaieties and dissipations of gay, dissipated Vienna. Massimo very speedily captivated the imagination of Evelina Laszinska. Many an evening did he pass in the society of the two sisters, listening to their music, talking to them of Italy, of Art, of a life very different from their present daily surroundings. Marie grew frankly to like this brilliant young Italian, who was so gentle and sympathetic, so simple and unaffected, and she came to rely on him and to confide in him as though he had been her brother. She had led a Bohemian sort of life, but their father had kept them apart from corrupting influences; and Marie found no difficulty in believing in the possibility of a fraternal affection between Max, as they called him, and her sister and herself. She saw some evil, and instinctively surmised more, among Laszinski's friends. But she saw that they were coarse, and low, and hard; whereas Max had gentleness, and gentlehood, and culture, and chivalry. Depravity of mind kills romance, but Marie was innocently romantic.

She had long been anxious to earn her own living as a teacher, and had openly discussed her plans with Max. Evelina had opposed her going out as a governess, chiefly on the ground that they would thus be separated. "If you leave me, Marie, my good

angel leaves me," she used to say. But at length Max found employment for Marie in the family of one of his Viennese relatives, where she gave daily lessons, but was still able to remain as an inmate of the Laszinskis' household. Heaven knows what fictions Massimo had invented to meet all the inquiries of the high-born lady, who certainly would not have taken so young and pretty a girl into her house on his sole recommendation. But the young man brought in the name of his mother, the Princess (who, it is needless to say, was not aware of Marie's existence!), and he finally carried his point. For a time all went well. Marie won high approbation in her employment, and was invited to accompany her pupils into the country for a few weeks.

Then the end came. Evelina fled from her husband's house with the Roman Prince, and Marie was turned out of her new home with contumely as soon as the news reached it. Alone in the world, almost heart-broken for the loss of her sister whom she loved devotedly, her means of earning a livelihood suddenly cut off, Marie was utterly desolate. She knew not even where her sister was; and the thought that Evelina had forsaken her was the sharpest and most intolerable grief of all. But Evelina had neither forsaken nor forgotten her. She wrote to her from Paris a letter full of passionate affection, imploring her to come thither, and enclosing a sum of money. The letter was addressed to Marie at her employer's house, which it reached after her dismissal, and by that noble lady was indignantly sent to Laszinski's address. Laszinski coolly opened it, extracted the French bank notes, and burnt the letter.

At this time Marie, who had taken a poor lodging in a suburb of Vienna, and had got through an old acquaintance at the theatre, some miserably-paid work to do in copying music, met, accidentally as she thought, August von Hartstein. The fact was he had watched and followed her for weeks. To his prayer to be allowed to serve her, Marie answered, "Find my sister." And although it was a task distasteful to him for more than one reason, he performed it faithfully. It was not difficult to learn the whereabouts of Massimiliano. The Duke of Pontalto was living in Paris with his beautiful Polish mistress. The sisters communicated with each other by letter, and all was explained. No doubt Laszinski had stolen Nina's money and suppressed her letter, said Von Hartstein. He was capable of that, and more.

"I should not have accepted the money," said Marie. "But it is everything to me to know that Evelina had not utterly forgotten me."

Then Von Hartstein asked her to be his wife. Deeply sensible of the generosity, and even nobility, of the offer made at such a moment, Marie at first refused. She would not bring sorrow and disgrace on him. "For it would be disgrace in the eyes of the world," she said. "Although I know Evelina, and what her life was with that man, and her fine nature, the world does not know—or care."

But Von Hartstein was resolute, and he prevailed. As to disgrace, he would take her away to his Northern home, where her name and story were unknown; and, for the rest, he should be able to make his wife respected. He loved her with a manful love, and he won her. Evelina received the news with passionate tears of joy and sorrow, and regret and hope, and a hundred mingled feelings. Marie was safe. Marie would be cared for and happy. That was much; that was all! And yet in her heart she knew that they must henceforth be apart.

For little more than a year she and Massimo remained together, travelling all over Europe. But at length, on their return to Paris, where they had a *pied-à-terre*, he found a letter summoning him back to Rome, in consequence of the death of his father. He parted from Nina with vows of fervid love and unchanging constancy. And within six months he was married to Donna Livia San Gernigano, the bride having been selected for him by his deceased father (who had urged his wife to hurry on the marriage), and the alliance having been arranged between the heads of the two families in the orthodox fashion befitting such high contracting parties.

Nina did not rave, or kill herself, or commit any wild or desperate action. She shut herself up alone for some days; and whatever floods of sorrow, and bitterness, and disappointment, and unavailing regrets passed over her soul, she struggled through alone. During those days she took certain resolutions which she kept, if not perfectly, yet with more strength and constancy than is given to most mortals. One of these resolutions was never to complain.

In those days Laszinski, who had been arrested and imprisoned for swindling, sought out his wife after his release from jail, and required her to furnish him with money. Within the past twelve-month he had sunk by an inevitable law of gravitation into still lower depths of scoundrelism, and had added brandy to his other vices. Massimo had left Nina amply provided with means, which, however, she had made up her mind to refuse. And when she told Laszinski that she could not assist him, he threw off the last remnant of reticence, and announced his intention of applying himself to Prince Nasoni. Then, indeed, Nina lost courage for the moment, and was crushed by shame and misery. Arguments, sarcasms, tears, or anger, would equally, as she knew, have been thrown away on Laszinski. He wanted money, and money alone would quiet him. She gave him what she had in the house, and promised him more for the next day. And when he had taken away his shabby, greasy, smoke-saturated, ruffianly presence from her sight, she sat down and cried tremblingly, like a bewildered, frightened child. Thus Beppe Guarini chanced to find her. He had been an acquaintance of her father in the old Bohemian days in Paris. An exile, he, also, for political reasons, the Polish family had received him as a comrade. And Nina, in her weakness and terror of Laszinski—in her horror at the glimpse of hideous abysses to which he might yet have power to drag her down with him, told Guarini all.

From that day forth her lot had been linked with his. He protected her against Laszinski's drunken violence. He behaved to her with consistent kindness and respect. He did, in truth, respect her. He thought her the cleverest woman he had ever known. Her intelligence was useful to him in his adventurous existence in a thousand ways, and he always owned it.

After a career embracing nearly every crime in the calendar, Laszinski took service as a spy in the pay of the Russian Government; and at length tidings reached Guarini that he had been shot by the authorities of some Turkish village, and this planet relieved of his existence. By this time Guarini was able to return to his own country. The great fact of Italian unity had been completed and crowned by the possession of Rome. Guarini asked Casimir Laszinski's widow to be his wife, and esteemed himself fortunate when she said "yes." Nina had singular notions, and he had by no means felt sure that she would consent to bind herself again by a legal tie. But Nina said to him: "You and my father are the only two faithful men I have ever known. I will be a true wife to you. Thank God, I have always told you the truth! It must be terrible to deceive those who trust you!"

Of this story of her youth, and of many other incidents connected with it, Nina Guarini was thinking, as she drove home from the Palazzo Nasoni in the dark winter evening.

(To be continued)

AN "EMBROIDERY-MANIA" has seized upon the canton of Thurgau in Switzerland. Owing to the recent demand for the work, every one in the canton who can gather enough money invests in embroidering looms. Shepherds leave their flocks, peasants their ploughs, landlords their taverns, and farm-hands their horses to adopt the one branch of trade, while numerous companies are formed, and every one expects to make a fortune by embroidery.

THE ART PERIODICALS FOR FEBRUARY

THE *Magazine of Art* is both varied and good. The most important articles are by Mr. Champneys and Miss Harrison. Mr. Champneys, in "The Interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, Past, Present, and Future," after describing the ruthless alterations and pitiable blunders perpetrated since Wren's time, makes a very pertinent suggestion for the interior decoration of this masterpiece of architecture. Mr. Champneys argues with reason and effect that the essential error of past and present operations lies in the words "Completion" and "Decoration," for which terms he would substitute "furniture." Completion, he considers, is out of the question, because there are scarcely any authoritative records of Wren's intentions; "decoration" must, at least for the present, be discarded, because it implies a complete artistic conception which shall rise fully to the standard of the architecture, and "up to the present no such idea has satisfied even an uncritical public taste"—in short, artist and workmen are both wanting. Pending their development, Mr. Champneys advocates furniture, such as, amongst other kinds, pictures of sacred subjects framed and hung on the faces of the piers. The suggestion is "safe, conservative, economical, and elastic;" it might at least be tried.—Miss Harrison continues her "Greek Myths in Greek Art" with "Demeter"—perhaps the best of the series so far. As a bright, sympathetic, and sound introduction to the beautiful sentiment of Greek Art these articles merit much praise, and their educational usefulness is not to be lightly estimated.—As we have already quoted at length from Mr. Harry Barnett's paper on the "Special Artist," we need only note here that it is illustrated with *fac-similes* of sketches by "specials" of *The Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*.—"Current Art" includes engravings and criticisms of Hermann Phillips's "Troubadour," Mr. Yeend King's "Fresh-water Sailors," Mr. Holl's impressive "No Tidings," and the superb bust by M. Rodin, exhibited at the Academy last year—"St. Jean."

The *Portfolio* shows a marked improvement this month. The *pièce de resistance* is undoubtedly Professor Colvin's admirable notice of Jacopo della Quercia, the sculptor of the Fonti Gaia at Siena—a masterpiece now only to be faintly realised by means of a model and some few fragments of the original. The article is illustrated by some expressive process blocks; the principal one representing the beautiful terra-cotta group of the Madonna and Child at South Kensington. Quercia was the first corner of the gifted generation of Donatello and Ghiberti.—Mr. Hamerton writes characteristically of Paris—of which city a broad and sunny view has been etched by M. Lalanne. The other full-page illustration is a pleasant etching, rather too fine, however, by Mr. T. Riley.

Perhaps the picture which will be most looked at in the *Art Journal* is the *fac-simile* of Mr. Ruskin's drawing of Venice; just as the article likely to be most read is the same gentleman's lecture on Cistercian architecture.—Mr. Tadema and his works are discussed at length, and illustrated.—Mrs. Meynell writes a timely but rather hysterical biographical sketch of George Mason; and Mr. Conway an interesting paper on the relatives of Albert Dürer "as seen in his writings."—Another article on an attractive but little-discussed subject is that on the origin of title-headings and tail-pieces—illustrated with some good examples.

Art and Letters has a portrait of Mrs. Gilbert Scott, drawn by Mr. Du Maurier. The notes on Corot are continued, with some sketches of his pictures, which are anything but too suggestive. Corot is worth doing well.—The third instalment of the "Sculpture of Michael Angelo" is better than its predecessors both in matter and in illustrations; and there are illustrated notices of Mr. J. D. Linton and Signor Antonio Casanova, who holds a distinguished place "among the lightest and latest of the painters of *genre*," an expression which is more alliterative than significant.—Some erroneous opinions about "Art Books" close a better number than usual.

GHOST MUSIC

SCOTTISH funerals have been known sometimes to assume the air of festivals: the bereaved have been so liberally provided with refreshments, the libations to the departed have been so abundant. It is told that on one of these should-be solemn occasions a certain mourner who had been labouring with considerable success to drown his own personal sorrows in the bowl, suddenly startled the company by calling for a song! There was a pause of deliberation. How was the demand to be met? One of the elders of the party stirred himself, stood erect, and in grave but gentle tones addressed his fellow mourner: "If you'll kindly recollect," he said, "our lamented friend, the late laird, in his lifetime never cared for music. I think we'll not have a song just now. At any other time, I am sure, we should all be pleased to hear any gentleman that can sing. But for the present it may be as well to humour the late laird's prejudices on the subject."

It may be assumed that the song was not sung, and that what are commonly known as "musical honours" did not disturb the funeral solemnities of the deceased Scot. Particular strains of harmony, however, have maintained association with the fact of dissolution. Requiems and Dead Marches, of course, form part of the religious services for the dead; and in addition to these are the compositions called "ghost melodies." It might almost be argued that in popular opinion music is dear to the defunct. In many a ghost story mysterious music plays an important part. Sir Walter Scott has told of the veteran major of Hussars who, while occupying a bedchamber in a certain old castle on the confines of Hungary, was roused from sleep by the solemn singing of three ladies fantastically attired in green. The major begged the ladies to stop—apparently their strains were as disagreeable to him as the nocturnal outcries of cats—but the singers sang on. The major began to handle his pistols. The ladies did not desist. At last he gave them fair warning that he regarded their singing as a piece of impertinence, as a trick to frighten him, and promised them that he would give them but five minutes' law, and that if they continued to sing after that interval had elapsed he would assuredly discharge both barrels at them point blank. Still the ladies went on with their song. Presently the major showed himself a man of his word, deliberately cocked his pistols, took aim, and fired. Still the ladies sung. The major was completely overcome by the obstinacy of his visitors. He was seized, indeed, with a violent illness which endured some weeks. It was afterwards explained—but the worst and feeblest part of a ghost story is usually the explanation of it—that the major had been deceived by the fact that he had seen only the reflection of the choristers who had stood in an adjoining room, while their images had been projected into his chamber with the help of a concave mirror, and presumably, a magic lantern, or by some such means.

The ghost of that Countess of Orlamunde "usually seen every seven years, preceded by the sound of a harp, on which instrument she had been a proficient," was perhaps a more impressive musical apparition. The countess was a German ghost—Germany is the mother of many ghosts—and in her lifetime had borne two sons to a certain Margrave of Brandenburg who refused to make her his lawful wife, however. In revenge she had administered poison to her children, whereupon to punish her sins the Margrave had bricked her up alive in one of the vaults of the Castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia. This ghost—who acquired that title of "the White Lady," which has been appropriated in what may be called an "untrade-like" way by many other spectres—did not confine itself to one particular spot, but haunted generally the castles and

palaces belonging to the Royal family of Prussia. The countess was wont, however, to appear more frequently to children than adults, "as if," says a historian and an apologist, "the love she had denied her own offspring in life was now her torment, and she sought a reconciliation with childhood in general." Two young ladies attached to the Court of Prussia related that while occupied with their needlework, and conversing about the diversions of the Court, they suddenly heard the sound of a stringed instrument like a harp, proceeding, as it seemed, from behind the stove which occupied a corner of the room. One of the girls with a yard measure struck the spot whence the sound issued; the music ceased, but the yard measure was wrested from her hand. Presently the music was repeated, however; a white figure issued from the neighbourhood of the stove and advanced into the room. The young lady, of course, screamed and fainted. She could hardly be expected to do otherwise in such circumstances. Upon other occasions the White Lady has been heard to speak, and in the Latin tongue, but whether she then played upon her harp by way of accompaniment to her location has not been disclosed. It may be added that concerning the identity of this musical apparition much dispute has arisen. While some hold the White Lady to be the Countess of Orlamunde, others maintain her to be a certain Princess Bertha von Rosenberg, who flourished and perished in the fifteenth century.

A tumultuous clapping of hands, melodious strains, and the singing of a celestial voice were among the spiritual phenomena which haunted the famous French actress Hippolyte Clairon. Mrs. Catherine Crowe, a great authority on ghosts, records that she has met with numerous instances "of heavenly music being heard when a death was occurring." In one case beautiful music was audible to a whole family, "including an unbelieving father," in attendance upon a sick child. This music indeed continued during a space of sixteen weeks; sometimes it was like an organ, but more beautiful; at others there was singing of holy songs, in parts, and the words distinctly heard. Ghost music, however, seems to have been as often secular as sacred. There is a story of a house haunted by the sounds of a military march. "If that doesn't beat the devil," exclaimed an irreverent captain in the army upon hearing the music, and promptly he received from an invisible hand a smart slap on the face. A ghostly drummer beating an incessant tattoo upon his instrument may be described as the hero of Addison's comedy of *The Drummer*. A like apparition long haunted an earl's castle in North Britain; and a manor house in Wiltshire was wont to cherish the tradition of a supernatural visitant who beat the drum, and could be heard to march in certain portions of the building. Sir Walter Scott has told the story of the murdered drummer lad whose ghost haunted his murderer, Pay-Sergeant Jarvis Matcham, on Salisbury Plain, and constrained him to confess his crime. The narrative forms the subject of "The Dead Drummer," one of the most admired of the Ingoldsby Legends.

The stage has long possessed its ghost music. If memory serves, the famous ghost of Richardson's Show was wont to appear to much simple beating upon a gong or thumping of a drum. That ghost was of a brisk habit, and delighted to startle by the suddenness of its movements; it being an object to all concerned apparently that the performances should be brought to as prompt a conclusion as possible. But other ghosts of the stage have been accustomed to appear, as Goldsmith's bear danced, only "to the very gentlest of tunes." That tremulous, sobbing, and sighing air, known as the "Ghost Melody," which lent so much that was thrilling and agitating to the drama of *The Corsican Brothers*, was one of the most popular compositions of its period. And in his "Reminiscences" Michael Kelly tells of an earlier ghostly air he arranged for the production of *The Castle Spectre* at Drury Lane in 1797; it was a *chaconne*, by Jomelli, which had been danced at Stuttgart by Vestris, and was thought by many to be ill-adapted for so solemn an occasion, but the "low but sweet and thrilling harmony" greatly affected the audience. Subsequently, indeed, this ghost music of Jomelli's was converted to the uses of the Church. Attwood, the composer, employed it in the choir service, as the Response in the Litany, both in St. Paul's Cathedral and in the Royal Chapel at Windsor.

D. C.



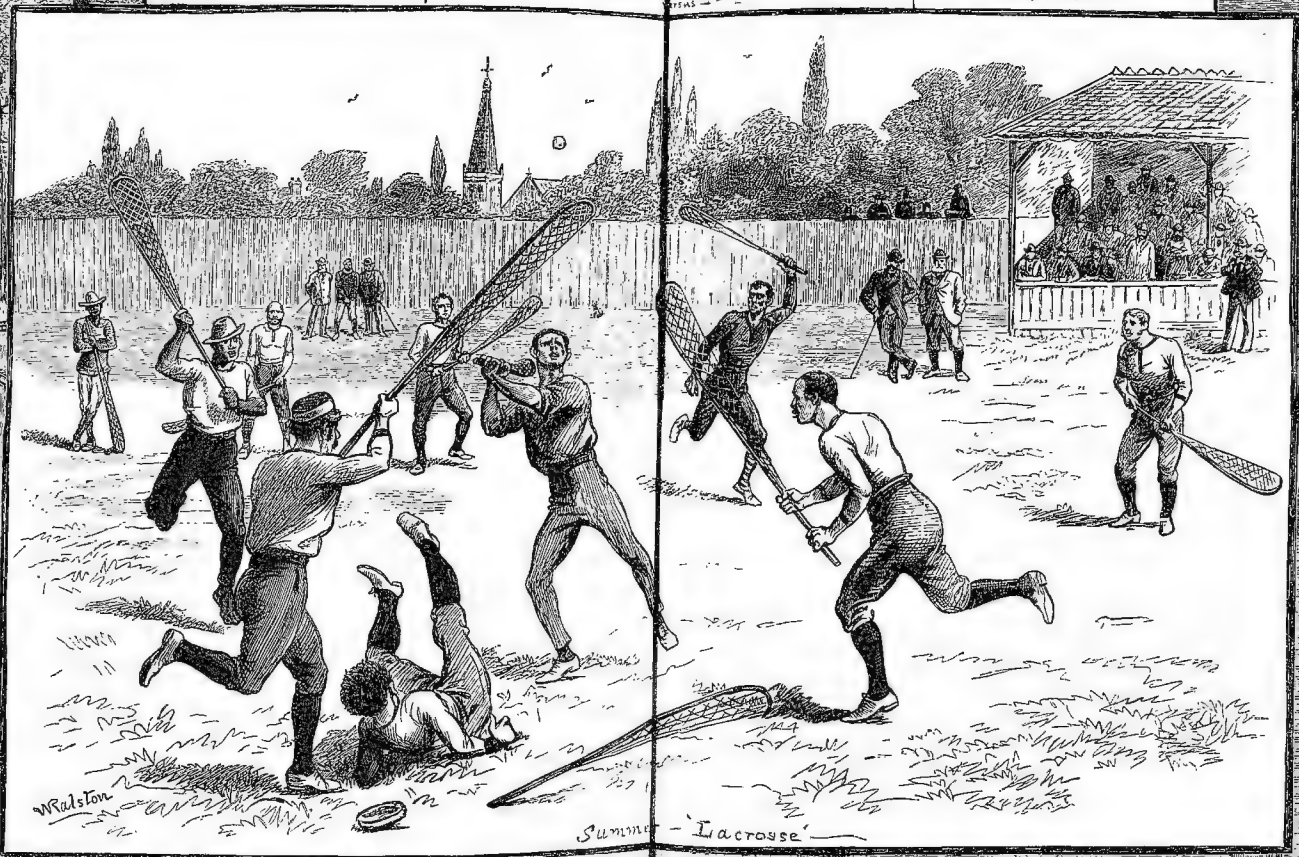
MESSRS. GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS.—A clever little work that should be placed in the hands of all musical students, grown up, as well as children, is "How to Learn the Pianoforte," by Emanuel Aguilar. The author in his preface says, "This little work is intended as a guide and reference to those who, by place of abode or other circumstances, are debarred from the advantage of efficient or regular instruction; but is not designed as a means of self instruction to those who are totally ignorant of the art, nor to supersede the necessity for the assistance of teachers." The first chapter is devoted to numerous extracts from the books of distinguished composers, teachers, and players; it contains many valuable suggestions. Chapter II. is addressed to teachers only, who may learn much therefrom; Chapter III. treats very fully on "Daily Exercises," this should be carefully studied and acted upon; Chapter IV. contains "Remarks upon Scale Practice," which will be found extremely useful; Chapter V. "Special Directions for Practising," which, if faithfully carried out, will materially assist the student to become a finished performer.

MESSRS. A. HAMMOND AND CO.—A song which will meet with a favourable reception wherever it is heard is "Gloamin' Song," both on account of the poetical words by Mrs. Jane Henderson, and their melodious setting by Humphrey J. Stark; the compass is from F first space to G above the lines.—Five pianoforte pieces of moderate difficulty by François Behr are:—"La Légère," a graceful andantino, easy to learn and to play, as are its companions, "Félicité," "Chant des Sirènes," and "Messages d'Amour," which are useful after-dinner pieces, whilst the prettiest of the group is "Le Murmure des Feuilles." This requires a light and delicate touch, and should be learnt by heart.—Four pieces by Gustav Lange are of the same type as the above; they are respectively entitled:—"Heartsease," a cheerful *morceau* in 3-4 time; "Joy and Sorrow," a smoothly-written song without words; "The Fond Aspiration," and "The Shepherd's Song" are useful schoolroom pieces.—Three sets of waltzes are of more than ordinary merit:—"L'Extase," by E. Amillon; "Sunflower Waltzes," with an aesthetic frontispiece and a well-marked melody, by T. R. Ford; and "The Artists' Waltzes," by Edwin H. Prout. The sixth page of the last-named is a pitfall for readers if taken unawares, in the shape of two lines of bass to one of treble—a false economy of paper and printing.—A polka, which will catch the ear and be first favourite in the ball-room, is "La Gaîté," by Percy Irwyne.

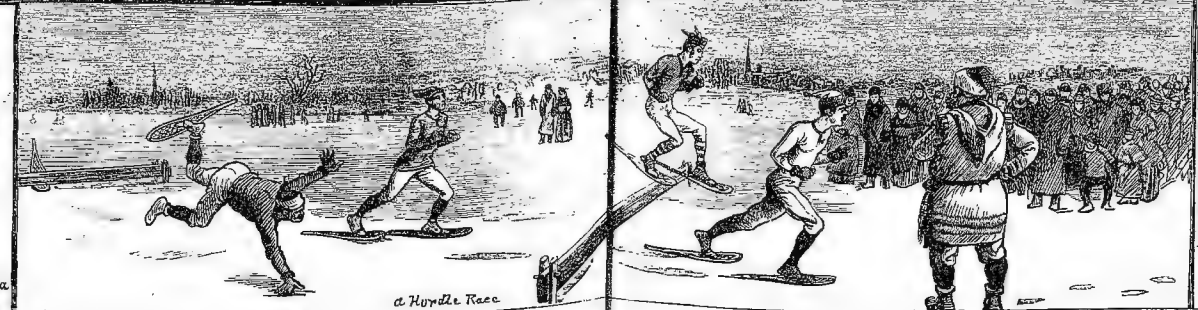
MISCELLANEOUS.—A trifle maudering is "Why Do We Love?" the complaint of an ill-used tenor lover, written by J. S. Rough, composed by Henry Dreyer (B. Williams).—"The Léonore Valse," by Edmond Aufrère, is not very original; but there is a certain swing in it which will satisfy dancers (Goddard, Newbury).



Juvenile Canada



Summer - 'Lacrosse'



a Hurdle Race



Adult Canada



PROFESSOR DR. J. SCHERR'S "History of English Literature" (S. Low and Co.), the third German edition of which is in the press, has been done into English fairly well by a translator whose identity is virtually concealed under the initials "M. V." The work is in some respects remarkable. The author's aim was to present within a moderate compass a picture of the literature of Great Britain, together with a glimpse of the literature of America. Only one portion of his book, however, can be rightly called a picture. So far as the earlier half of our literary history is concerned—the literature of the Anglo-Saxons and of Chaucer, of the Elizabethan period and Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of the Puritan times, and in a lesser degree of the Restoration—he has achieved his aim, and that on the whole admirably. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how so much generally good and well-considered matter could be compressed into so small a space. But the modern history—which is to say the history of the last hundred and fifty years—is not commendable. In some places it is very loose, in others altogether wrong. Perhaps the weakest portions are those which treat of the Novelists. There is not the remotest hint, for instance, that Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" is a parody of Richardson's "Pamela"; and altogether the contrast between the two authors is inadequately suggested. Undue prominence, as it seems to us, is given to Bulwer Lytton, whilst Lord Beaconsfield as a novelist is dismissed in a cursory manner which he certainly does not deserve. In short, the handling of modern writers seems throughout unequal and questionable. The treatment of modern dramatic poetry is anything but satisfactory, though one piece of criticism arrests attention by its simple candour:—"Robert Browning is a poet who does not understand that the drama is a poetical form which does not suit his genius." Mrs. Hemans is honoured with a prominence apparently denied to Mrs. Browning, whilst some of the criticisms of Mr. Tennyson's work are, to say the least, beside the mark:—"The so-called romance of 'The Idylls of the King' has little to recommend it" is an assertion equalled for its want of judgment by another:—"The Burial of Sir John Moore" is so masterly a composition that its author will never be forgotten." No doubt it was difficult to treat so many authors in so circumscribed a space—the volume is a small octavo of some three hundred pages, and by no means too closely printed; but it is a little astonishing to find so much doubtful criticism and hasty generalisation in one part of a book, when the other is distinguished not only by generally commendable arrangement, but by fairly sound judgment as well. Altogether the work is not of high value as a sketch of the history of English literature; but it has considerable interest as the summary of the studies of a German critic, who has evidently made wide if not very deep search for his materials, and who has at least the courage of his opinions.

"With the Connaught Rangers" (Hurst and Blackett) is a pleasant volume of anecdotes and reminiscences, by General E. H. Maxwell, whose "Griffin Ahoy!" has not yet passed out of mind. It begins with the author's first experiences in the regiment, then stationed in Ireland, and carries us through the Crimea, the Punjab, and Cashmere. Those—and to all appearance they are many—who care for cheerful gossip on things military, gossip full of incident and amusement, will enjoy General Maxwell's book, for it is quite after their own heart; whilst the serious person, who is apt somewhat groundlessly to scorn such matters as the chatter of camp and mess-room, will find here and there something to rouse reflection. There is a story, for instance, about the invariable manoeuvres in Phoenix Park in 1839, significant, indeed, of the change which has been made in army training. The author, then an ensign, was in command of the company in his captain's absence. This was a trying position; but the once-familiar "old colour-sergeant" took the greatest care of him. When advancing in line the faithful "non-com." whispered, "When ye get to that black thing on the ground ye must give the words, 'Form fours to the right; right wheel.'" The "black thing" was a crow, which flew away before the advancing line reached the spot; but, thanks to the colour-sergeant, the manoeuvre was carried out at the right moment. The serious person reading this little story will probably murmur with satisfaction, and not a little truth, "Ah, we've altered all that since then, my boy!"

The "Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick" (S. Low and Co.), with drawings by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, make a very pleasant and pretty volume. The selection is not one, perhaps, which will gratify everybody; nor do the drawings completely satisfy the canons of good art, or realise the ideals of those who wisely love the seventeenth-century poet's "golden-hearted words." Individual "likings," however, here are paramount, and the most learned and accurate of critics would "put his foot in it" considerably were he to enter into severe dissertations on, or qualify his praise of, a book so dainty. Of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Preface" all we need say is that we wish there were more of it. It is graceful in thought, and admirably written; but it would be pleasant to hear him discourse on Herrick, with purpose more serious and complete than is indicated here.

"Nature at Home" (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) is a moderately good translation of the work by Théophile Gautier, whose descriptions of landscape and animal and insect life, if not quite inimitable, are certainly attractive, simple, and fresh. The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings by Karl Bodmer; these, however, are disappointing. Still the book, in spite of its stilted preface and its infelicitous title—suggestive of Dame Nature affably receiving visitors in state—may find a resting-place on the drawing-room table, and supply a profitable topic when talk is dull.

Mr. Alfred Kimmor has compiled an interesting account of "The Early Homes of Prince Albert" (W. Blackwood and Sons). The old Thuringian towns, fortresses, and forests, with their romantic legends and dreamy Old World quaintnesses and quietude, offer ample scope for the exercise of the art of a picturesque writer; and Mr. Kimmor seems to have turned them to pretty good account. His volume—which embraces much matter not strictly germane, perhaps—is thoroughly popular; and it is profusely illustrated by the author himself. His drawings are unequal in merit, and rather monotonously mannered. We prefer the simple outline sketches introduced in the text to the more elaborate full-page pictures. "Luther's House" at Frankfort, for instance, or the "Window at Augsburg with the Coburg Arms" are suggestive and really picturesque in style.

We have received the second edition of Mr. W. Robinson's admirable monograph, "God's Acre Beautiful" (London: Garden Office; New York: Scribner and Welford), in which he shows how the detestable ugliness of most modern cemeteries may be abolished, and replaced by natural beauty and "noble and enduring art." If his suggestions were adopted—and they are far from being impracticable—the graveyards of the future would be not only "permanent, unpolluted, inviolable," but also beautiful, to say nothing of many other advantages which would accrue both to rich and to poor. The work, which is admirable in paper and typography, is illustrated with wood engravings, and several excellent photographs of classic and Renaissance urns.

The first eight parts of an excellent "Popular History of Egypt" (James Hagger) are before us. The work has been undertaken by

Captain J. W. Watkins, of the Royal Artillery. It opens with a lengthy "Introduction," dealing ably with the modern rulers of Egypt, and sketching very graphically the events which led up to the recent campaign. The section devoted to Ancient Egypt follows; it is exceptionally clear and attractive in style, and abounds with admirably arranged information. Captain Watkins evidently knows his subject well; and his work, which is profusely illustrated with steel and wood engravings (generally good) and valuable maps promises to be not only "popular" in the best sense, but extremely useful as a comprehensive account of Egyptian history from its beginning to the present day.

We have also to acknowledge two additions to Messrs. Ward and Lock's "Science Primers for the People":—"Physical Geography," by Mr. P. Martin Duncan; and "Botany," by Mr. G. T. Bettany. These little books are excellent of their kind; they are written by qualified authors, they are well illustrated, and they are wonderfully cheap.

Bright and unpretentious, accurate in facts, and well-proportioned in arrangement, is Mr. William Beatty-Kingston's "William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia" (George Routledge and Sons). Difficult as the task is, Mr. Kingston has succeeded in giving, in a hundred small pages, an excellent summary of the career of the Emperor William. A better biography on so small a scale could hardly be written, and Mr. Kingston has just enough hero-worship to make his little volume animated, and not enough to make him injudicious.—"Scraps from My Sabretasche," by George Carter Stent, M.R.A.S. (W. H. Allen and Co.), would be not unentertaining reading for an idle hour if the author could manage to preserve his readers' respect and sympathy. Unfortunately he does not, and a feeling dangerously akin to disgust soon causes the reader to put down the volume. The book may possess some value as an example of the tone and morals of a certain class of soldiers. A writer with a picturesque pen could not ask a better subject than the Black Forest. From the style of Mr. Charles Wood, the latest writer on the Black Forest, picturesque and all other graces are unfortunately absent. He has an undisguised relish for the most hackneyed quotations; his descriptions of natural scenery are tedious and laboured; and when he would be witty his readers become depressed. "In the Black Forest" (Richard Bentley and Son) may be safely dismissed with the epithet with which Carlyle is said to have summed up George Eliot's novels—"dool, dool."—"A Salad of Stray Leaves," by Mr. George Halse (Longmans, Green, and Co.), is a mixture of stories, sketches, and verse. The stories show more of hearty good humour than of skill in arranging plots and delineating character, and good sentiments are everywhere more conspicuous than polished style; yet the volume is readable enough. The verses are clever. Mr. Halse's book contains "Phiz's Last"—a frontispiece drawn especially for this volume, and displaying to the full the late Mr. Browne's exuberant imagination and graceful fancy.—We have received also two of Mr. G. Manville Fenn's novels—"The Parson o' Dumford" and "Poverty Corner"—issued in a cheap edition by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin;—"Round a Posada Fire," a pleasant little volume of Spanish legends, by Mrs. S. G. Middlemore (W. Satchell and Co.); a dainty edition of Sir Arthur Helps's "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd" (Glasgow: Wilson and McCormick); "The Englishwoman's Year-Book for 1883," with a directory to all institutions existing for the benefit of women and children, by "L. M. H." (Hatchards); and "Boy Life," by William Winters (Elliot Stock), a series of notices of the early struggles of great men.

Among minor story-books may be mentioned the following:—"Sissie" and "Maude Bolingbroke," by Emma Jane Worboise (James Clarke and Co.); "The Hoosier School-Boy," by Edward Eggleston (Warne and Co.); "A Book of Boyhoods," by Ascott R. Hope (John Hogg); "A London Baby," by L. T. Meade (James Nisbet and Co.); "Summer Stories for Boys and Girls," by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan and Co.); "Prudence: a Story of Æsthetic London," by Lucy C. Lillie, with several characteristic illustrations by Mr. Du Maurier (Sampson Low); and "Maia: A Tale of the Fatherland," by J. Otilie von Jacoby (Elliot Stock).

"The City of London Directory," 1883 (Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge), has now reached its thirteenth annual issue, and is in every way an excellent work. We note that the information in this volume is brought down to such a recent date as to include the changes which have been caused by the recent fire in Wood Street, the new addresses of the burned-out firms being all recorded. The list of Livery Companies and Public Companies will be found useful; indeed there is no information concerning City institutions and places that is omitted from this handsomely-bound book.—"May's British and Irish Press Guide" (F. L. May and Co.), and "C. H. May and Co.'s Press Manual," 1883, are books of equal usefulness. Both have now stood the test of public service for some time, and have been proved complete and accurate guides to the newspaper world.—"Thom's Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," 1883 (Alexander Thom and Co., Dublin), has more varied contents than any similar work. The present is the fortieth annual issue, and of a book which is so widely known and generally used, no more need be said than that the present issue fully maintains its reputation for variety of contents and clearness of arrangement.—"The Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities," 1883 (Longmans, Green, and Co.); "Handbook to the Married Women's Property Act, 1882" (Ward, Lock, and Co.); and "Where to Emigrate" (Wyman and Sons), are each, in their way, works of interest.

Amateur actors in search of bright little pieces, hitherto unperformed, and therefore inviting no odious comparisons with professional achievements, might find something suitable in "My Bachelor Days," &c., by John Maddison Morton (Dramatic Authors' Society, 28, King Street, Covent Garden). There is an old-fashioned farcical flavour about some of these half dozen pieces which we rather enjoy. The farce proper has been banished from the modern stage, not because of its intrinsic demerits, but because people dine late, and live in remote suburbs. Of this branch of art Mr. Morton is a past-master, being the author of *Box and Cox*, *Lend Me Five Shillings*, *Slasher and Crasher*, and numerous other pieces which used to make us roar with laughter in the old days. He is now one of the Carthusian Brotherhood, to which Colonel Newcome belonged, and we trust, as a veteran public entertainer, aged seventy-two, he may find patrons for this his last work.

"The Parliamentary Chronicle" (W. J. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street) is published monthly during the Session. The seventh number, price 6d., is devoted to the Autumn Session, during which the rules of procedure were amended. It is a compact little volume, and should prove especially useful to leader-writers and others to whom the immediate past is apt to become a blank, and who will here find, in a conveniently brief form, just what they want to know and no more.

"Murray's Railway Time Tables for London" (A. Boot and Son, 24, Old Bailey) are clearly printed and compact. We should like the accompanying Miniature Map better if the railway lines were less obtrusively prominent. They would be quite perceptible enough if they were much smaller.

A few magazines omitted in last week's budget may be noticed here:—

La Saison for February offers to its fair subscribers a tempting choice of the newest Parisian fashions, from *toilettes d'intérieur* and walking dresses to *toilettes du bal* and ingenious *costumes de fantasia*, the whole accompanied by three large coloured engravings and over 160 patterns and designs. Art-needlework and embroidery

form a special feature of this journal, and there is also a short chapter on Art-industries and furniture. The letterpress, we need scarcely add, supplies all that can be desired in explanation of the patterns.

To the *Month* the editor contributes some not unamusing "Personal Recollections of Bishop Wilberforce," and the Rev. A. St. Christie an oddly-entitled paper—"A Catholic Saint and an Agnostic Fool"—on the recently canonised Bishop Benedict Labré. It is an exceptional instance of "a protest against Western impurity" we are told that the Catholic Church presents the Bishop Labré to mankind for veneration; it is not her wish that others should imitate him in that disregard for personal cleanliness which on one occasion caused a sacristan, who did not know him, to sweep him out of the confessional with a broom. Mr. Kelly describes "Some of the Resources of Ireland" with a fervour which some will consider exaggerated. But granting that "Green Isle" to be the El Dorado he pictures, is it not time now for Irish farmers, with their large balances at the banks, and their practical ownership of the soil, to take the work of improvement into their own hands? The Scotch only needed twenty-one years' leases to make the bleak Lothians the best-farmed country in the world.

The *Theatre*, with an interesting paper on "Wagner as a Stage-Manager," the *Squire*, and the Irish monthly, *Irish*, are all fair numbers. The new *Oxford Magazine* is not a little disappointing, though "The University and City News" may possess some interest for country cousins. But the original matter is sadly commonplace, and might just as well have been written by the *Irwell* as by the *Isis*.

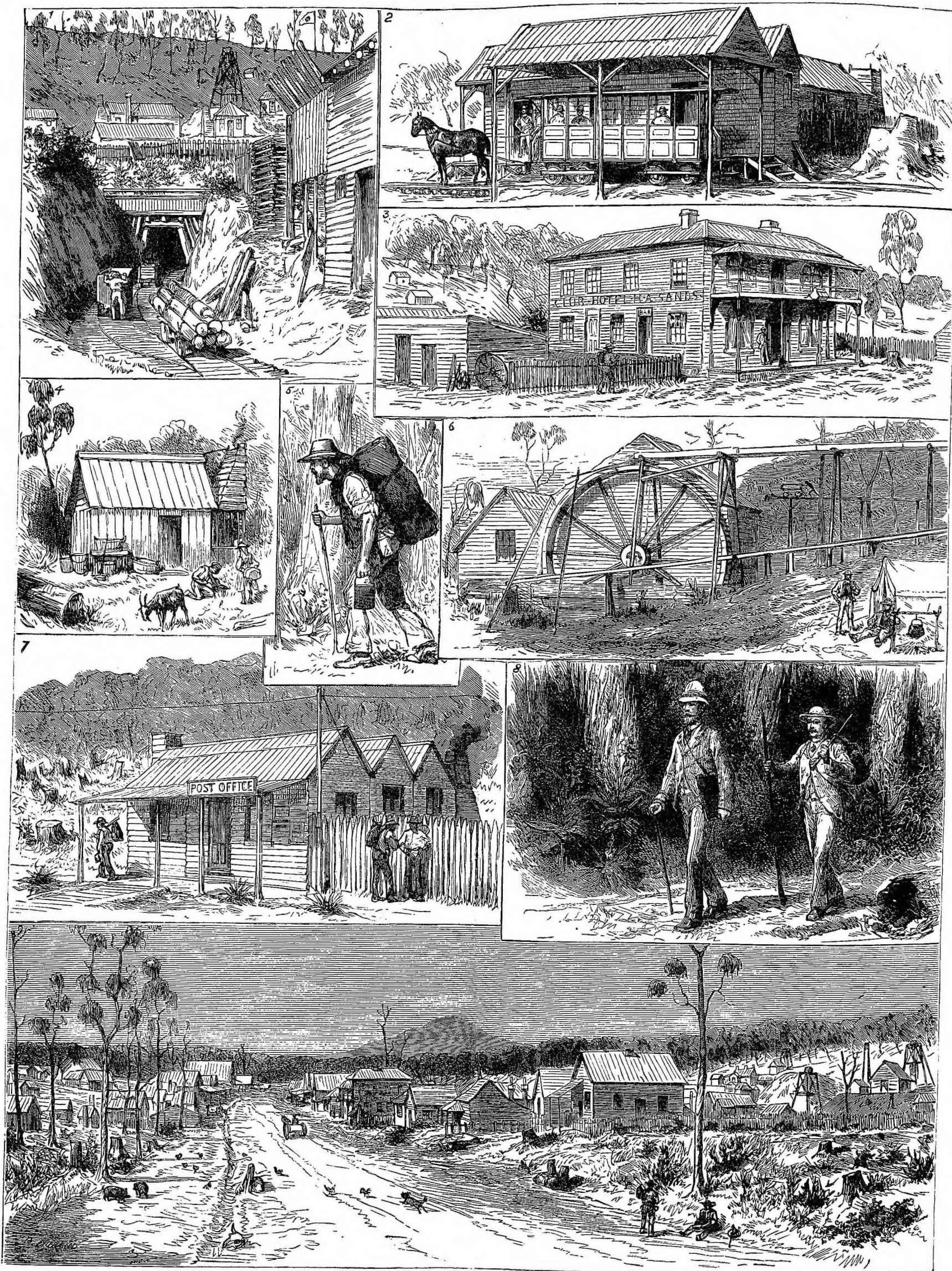


"FOR KING AND KENT: a True Story of the Great Rebellion," by Colonel Colomb (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), should be rather described not as "a," but as the, true story of the Kentish rising under Goring and Hales, and of the City of London during the same period of the great rebellion. The author, had he possessed a certain gift in which he is wanting, should easily have converted the details of public and private life which he has so energetically collected into an historical novel of exceptional and absorbing interest. The lacking quality is that which makes historical characters alive. Such life as Colonel Colomb has been able to give to his, which is not much, is buried under extracts from documents and public papers, and forgotten under the influence of footnotes from which scarcely a page is free. The resulting interest, therefore, depends upon the consciousness that we are reading a minute and unquestionably accurate record of real events, and Colonel Colomb deserves the warmest thanks of those who enjoy the microscopic study of history. As a monograph it is excellent—indeed, it has nearly all literary excellences, except those which are essential to a novel. The general result can be obtained by imagining one of the Waverley Novels with all the notes incorporated in the text, the page disfigured with quotations of authority, and the life omitted. The good qualities of the work should especially commend it to Kentish readers. But we hardly know what readers are likely to admire the dividing the work into twenty-six arbitrary portions, for the sake of dedicating each portion to a separate friend of the author. It is noticeable that nearly all these dedications are to peeresses, and the remainder to peers: so that the general reader is left to conclude either that Colonel Colomb's acquaintances are strictly confined to the House of Lords, or that he has invented a very novel and ingenious method for giving that impression to the world. With all its faults the book is very much too good and valuable to be disfigured by what looks like either advertisement or affectation.

The author of "A Modern Greek Heroine" has produced a really remarkable novel, under the title of "Fair and Free" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.). It is full of faults, and, unfortunately, the faults are much more easy to enumerate and to describe than are the merits; but it is the merits which dwell in the memory, while the faults are very willingly forgotten. As ought always to be the case, the impression of the book upon the mind is due to its effect as a whole, and that is exceptionally satisfactory. The principal interest is absorbed by Marcella Cassilis, a girl of marked originality, if only by reason of a straightness and thoroughness of nature, which but few pens have had the courage to describe. Her consequent errors and misfortunes are set forth unmercifully; but she never for a moment loses her hold upon the reader's sympathy. Her absolute sincerity and incapacity for self-deception, both in right and in wrong, serve for a charm throughout, and bring her at last into safety. From an artistic point of view, her portraiture gives interest to an ill-constructed and by no means probable plot, and reflects life upon characters that are decidedly conventional, taken by themselves. The creation of Marcella implies unusual cleverness, and, indeed, one of the faults of the novel is that it is occasionally a little too clever. The author is too apt to take for granted that all the world, his own characters included, shares his skill in foreseeing inevitable results from very slight premises, and of leaping at once, and as if by unerring instinct, to very far off but correct conclusions. He has also based his plot upon unlikely misunderstandings to the extreme degree of strained coincidence; but in this respect also has displayed an equal extreme of ingenuity in making circumstances deceive a mind so honest and open as that of Marcella.

We are unable to believe that any portion of society is quite so silly as Lady Constance Howard, in "Mollie Darling" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), would have her readers believe. Not only so, but she takes the last extreme of silliness as a matter of course—as much of course as she assumes married infidelity to be. Her novel is either a supreme outcome of cynicism, or it is a grave burlesque upon sentimental fiction, or it is an attempt to catch the very cheapest sort of popularity. That it will succeed in the latter is exceedingly likely. An apparently exhaustive study of that ultra-feminine school of fiction, which aims at being called "strong," has had the natural result of making her as feeble as those who have given the school its unsurpassed popularity can desire; and, if she has left out the talent which has been sometimes wasted upon unworthy work, that is the one element which her sympathetic readers will dispense with the most readily. These will be quite satisfied to know that "Mollie Darling" is a beautiful simoleon, whose husband is caught in the net of another lady, appropriately, if impossibly, christened Circe, and who falls back upon the platonic devotion of a handsome and stupid young soldier. That is all, until the repentant husband conveniently dies; but that is quite enough peg for all the stale little tricks of sentimentality proper to this order of fiction. So much as this need scarcely be said of the novel on its own account; but it is always worth repeating, by way of apology for writers like Lady Constance Howard, that the novel-reading public alone is to be blamed for encouraging the supply of a sort of fiction which surely no rational being would dream of writing were it not in chronic and insatiable demand.

"Misterton; or, Through Shadow to Sunlight," by Unas (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.), is sentimental, but healthy. It belongs to a very elementary sort of fiction, and is not particularly interesting as a story; but it is thoroughly unobjectionable, and may please inexperienced readers whose tastes are quiet and simple.

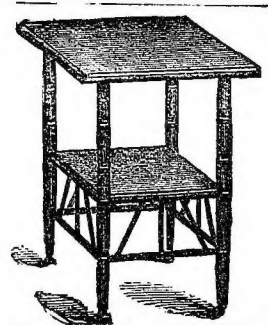


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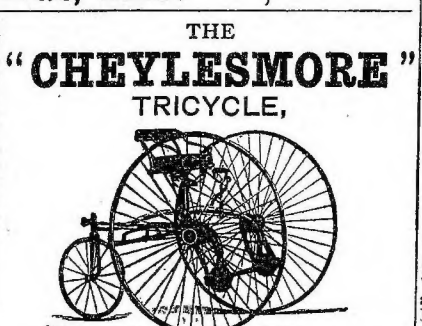
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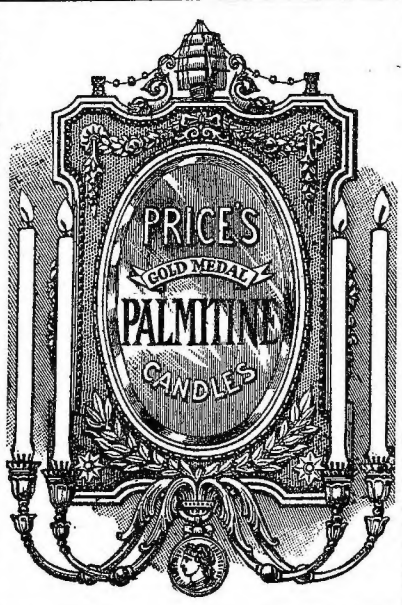


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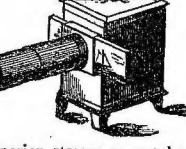


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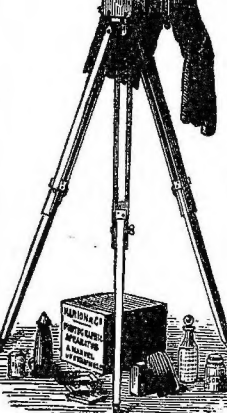
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